

# VICTORIA

QUEEN & EMPRESS

*A JUBILEE MEMOIR*



By

G. HOLDEN PIKE

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

*From a recent photograph by MESSRS. W. & D. DOWNEY.*

# VICTORIA

## *QUEEN AND EMPRESS*

### *A Jubilee Memoir*

BY

G. HOLDEN PIKE

AUTHOR OF "SHAFTESBURY: HIS LIFE AND WORK;" "CHARLES HADDON  
SPURGEON: PREACHER, AUTHOR, AND PHILANTHROPIST,"  
ETC., ETC.



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# VICTORIA :

## *QUEEN AND EMPRESS.*

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

PERHAPS it will enable the reader better to understand the following story about the most illustrious reign of which historians of England have to tell, if we briefly refer to the past history of the House of Brunswick and Hanover, and show how its heirs inherited the British crown.

Brunswick itself is a state and duchy, included in the present German empire, covering an area of 1,424 square miles, and having a population of between three and four hundred thousand, of whom the main bulk are Lutherans; the Romanists mustering about 7,000, and the Jews about 1,200.

Hanover, with an area of 14,548 square miles, was formerly an electorate, but is now included in the Prussian empire. In 1875 the population was 2,017,393, the main body of whom are also Lutheran, 233,633 being Romanists, and 12,790 Jews. George III. really became the first king in 1815, and until the year 1837 this territory continued to be a province of Great Britain; but as the national constitution did not allow the Crown to be worn by a female, the little kingdom passed from William IV. to his brother, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, and fifth son of George III. The King does not seem to have been a very successful ruler; and this probably arose from his not being able to appreciate the progressive forces which surrounded him, so different from the older world in which he had spent his earlier days. The King died at the age of eighty in 1851; and his blind son, George V., was the last independent King of Hanover. The territory was annexed to Prussia in 1866, and George died in 1878, leaving an heir, Ernest Augustus, who, without avail, still claimed the ancient inheritance of his family.

The reigning family of Hanover trace their origin to the marriage of the Marquess d'Este, who lived in the eleventh century, and a Princess of Bavaria. Their children assumed the surname of Guelph, which our Queen retains. Henry the Lion, but more properly Guelph—a hero of the Crusades—was the first of his name who became Duke of Brunswick. This chivalrous Guelph became son-in-law of the English Henry II.; and thus he is a chief ancestor of the House of Brunswick and Luneburg. In later times Ernest Augustus of Brunswick married Sophia, a granddaughter of James I., and their son became George I. of England.

Ernest Augustus, the father of George, appears to have been a popular patriot who did the best that was possible to raise his family; while, as a soldier, he used his arms in what he ever believed to be the cause of right. He fought against the Turks; he was a courageous ally of our own William III. in that great patriot's gigantic contest with France; and his men were found fighting with Marlborough at Blenheim. His son did not receive the best education

for his future lot that might have been imparted ; for when he came to England he was unable to speak English, and as his ministers were equally ignorant of German, the King stayed away from the Cabinet meetings, and naturally lost interest in English politics. The unhappy misunderstanding with his wife, which led to long years of separation, and even resulted in the imprisonment of that lady—the unfortunate Sophia of Zell—did not contribute to the King's popularity.

The King was between fifty and sixty years of age when he inherited the crown. As he was some years older than the Queen whom he had succeeded, it is possible that George may not really have anticipated coming into such an inheritance ; but whether he did so or not, he found that England, with its constitution guarding against any abuse of power on the part of the monarch, presented a very different outlook from the state of things which obtained in Hanover. "This is a strange country," remarked his Majesty soon after he was housed in London. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window and saw a park, with canals, etc., which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal ; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp, out of *my own* canal in *my own* park."

George II. succeeded his father in 1727, or at a time when the Jacobites were disposed to make another attempt to restore the proscribed Stuarts. Born in 1683, the King was between forty and fifty years of age at the time of his accession. On Wednesday, the 12th of October, he was crowned in Westminster Abbey, attended by his consort the Princess Caroline, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg. His father from the first had been far fonder of Hanover than of his adopted country ; and it happened, during the time that the prince was left guardian of the empire while his father was absent, that an assassin attempted his life at Drury Lane Theatre, July 6th, 1716. Soon after, a violent quarrel between the father and son brought much scandal to both sides ; but this at length came to an end through

the intervention of some eminent personages, although the reconciliation is supposed never to have been very cordial. "A story is told by Horace Walpole, which appears to show that the King's animosity lasted to the end of his life," one writer remarks. "After having destroyed two wills which he had made in favour of his son, he had entrusted a third, supposed to have been of an opposite character, to the keeping of Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, on the accession of George II., presented it to the new king. To the surprise of every one present, his Majesty, putting it in his pocket, stalked out of the room, and the will was never heard of more. Lord John Russell, in relating this story, observes that 'by the law of England the will would not have been valid: all property, real as well as personal, of the king, descends with the crown.' It does not appear to be now understood that this is law." In turn George II. and his son fell out, and formed two parties in the State, all of course tending to excite the now dying hopes of the Jacobites. The King had military proclivities, and was fond of meddling in the affairs of Europe to preserve what he thought to be the balance of power, and hence he was fond of war. When only fifteen years of age he had been presented to our own William III., who is said to have received him "with the fondness of a parent;" and perhaps he may have caught some of the war fever from that accomplished and heroic veteran.

The King died on Saturday, October 25<sup>th</sup>, 1760, in the seventy-seventh year of his age; a contemporary chronicler thus refers to the manner of his departure:—"His late Majesty rose in the morning at his usual hour, without any apparent signs of indisposition. He called his page, drank his chocolate, and inquired about the wind, as if anxious for the arrival of the mails. He opened his window, and looking out of it and seeing it a fine day, said he would walk in the gardens. This passed while the page attended him at breakfast; but on leaving the room he heard a deep sigh, immediately followed by a noise like the falling of a billet of wood from the fire, and returning hastily, found the King dropped from his seat, as if attempting to ring the bell, who said faintly, 'Call Amelia,' and then expired. He was instantly raised



and laid upon the bed, the Princess was called, who was told he was dead upon her entering the room; but being a little deaf, and her spirits being hurried by the alarm, she did not understand what was said; and ran up to the bedside, and stooping tenderly over her father, as thinking he might speak to her in a low voice, she then first discovered he was dead."

In a very brief space the heir-apparent, who was staying at Kew, heard of what had happened at Kensington; and the next day being Sunday, he was formally proclaimed in London.

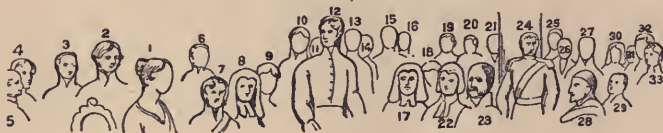
Frederick, Prince of Wales, and father of George III., was born in Hanover in 1706, and died at Leicester House, London, in 1751, at the comparatively early age of forty-five. The Princess of Wales, who was a daughter of Frederick II. of Saxe-Gotha, showed much maternal solicitude to preserve her son, who became George III., from the fashionable profligacy of the times, and in the main she no doubt succeeded.

When he came to the throne the life of George III. was that of a Christian country gentleman who was interested in agriculture and fond of doing gracious deeds. Thus we find him visiting the land of a farmer at Petersham in 1769 to see some improved ploughs. In 1792, while in Dorsetshire, he accepted the petition of a farmer who had been imprisoned for seven years on account of a debt of £220, and ordered the money to be paid. He had a strong abhorrence of gaming, and summarily put down the practice of gambling in his palaces. He was an early riser, and was strictly temperate in eating and drinking; and although not a great reader, the King seems to have inherited from his German ancestors a passionate love of music. When the heir to the throne was born, the infant, who afterwards reigned as George IV., was shown in his cradle to all who chose to call at the palace, and all visitors were served with cake and caudle. The charities of the King were abundant, and wisely bestowed. As regards his own dependants, however, the King was probably too parsimonious in money matters.

In his youth George IV. was handsome and accom-

plished; but he was unfortunate in having his lot cast in a selfish and licentious age. All who look into the matter impartially will have to admit that, as Prince of Wales, George IV. was not educated in the happiest manner. The discipline to which he was subjected by his parents is thought to have been too strict or monastic-like in its rigour, so that when he attained the legal age of freedom at eighteen, he was too much disposed to turn his new-found liberty into license. As one remarked at the time of the King's death in 1830: "His tutors and governors had scarcely loosened the rein, before they were required altogether to drop it; numbers of a perfectly opposite character were in waiting to celebrate his freedom, and administer to his gratification and delight. Among them were certain individuals, celebrated for the splendour of their talents and vices, and in their earliest intercourse with the Prince, much more ready to corrupt his morals by the one, than to enlarge and elevate his mind by the other."

*Key to the Queen's First Council.*



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. HER MAJESTY.  | 16. The Earl of Carlisle.   |
| 2. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Steward.                               | 17. Lord Denman, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench.  |
| 3. The Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse.                     | 18. The Right Hon. T. Erskine, Chief Judge of the Bankruptcy Court. |
| 4. The Right Hon. G. Byng, Comptroller.                            | 19. Lord Morpeth, Chief Secretary for Ireland.                      |
| 5. C. C. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council.                     | 20. The Earl of Aberdeen.   |
| 6. The Marquess of Anglesea.                                       | 21. Lord Lyndhurst.   |
| 7. The Marquess of Lansdowne, President of the Council.            | 22. The Archbishop of Canterbury.                                   |
| 8. Lord Cottenham, Lord High Chancellor.                           | 23. His Majesty the King of Hanover.                                |
| 9. Lord Howick, Secretary at War.                                  | 24. The Duke of Wellington.   |
| 10. Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the Home Department. | 25. The Earl of Jersey.   |
| 11. The Right. Hon. T. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer.   | 26. The Right Hon. J. W. Croker.                                    |
| 12. Viscount Melbourne, First Lord of the Treasury.                | 27. The Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart.                               |
| 13. Lord Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.       | 28. H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex.                                      |
| 14. The Right Hon. J. Abercromby, Speaker of the House of Commons. | 29. Lord Holland, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.             |
| 15. Earl Grey.   | 30. Sir J. Campbell, Attorney-General.                              |
|  | 31. The Marquess of Salisbury.                                      |
|  | 32. Lord Burghersh.   |
|  | 33. The Rt. Hon. T. Kelly, Lord Mayor of London.                    |





THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL, HELD AT KENSINGTON PALACE, 11 A.M., JUNE 20, 1837.—*p.* 38.  
*After the picture by SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. By permission of MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & CO.*

The amiable Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, and of course "England's Hope" as next heir to the throne, died in child-bed on November the 5th, 1817, when she was about twenty-three years of age. She was in her taste and manners quite an Englishwoman ; it was therefore anticipated, with good reason, that she would make an admirable queen. She was pious, a pattern of womanly virtue in private life, and the shock sustained by the country at the time of her unexpected death was severe and lasting.

George IV. survived his daughter nearly thirteen years, and died June 26th, 1830. Though he has been accused of many faults, the King had his redeeming qualities. The news of his death spread a gloom throughout London, which was only equalled by that which was occasioned by the departure of his estimable daughter.

William IV. died on Tuesday, June the 20th, at two o'clock a.m. On the previous Sunday, which was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, he said to Dr. Chambers : "Let me live over this memorable day ; I shall never live to see another sunset."

When the news arrived in London, orders were given for the assembling of the privy council, which accordingly met just before noon at the old palace, Kensington. Nearly a hundred persons attended this meeting, which included the princes, state officers, the chief municipal officers of London, as well as the cabinet ministers. Orders were given for proclaiming Queen Victoria ; and the first to sign the act of allegiance was Ernest, King of Hanover. As already intimated, a female sovereign could not reign over that country, so that after a century and a quarter it was separated from England. This called forth little remark, however, either public or private, the territory not having been a source either of wealth or strength to the British empire.



THE QUEEN, AGE 10.

*By permission of MESSRS. H. GRAVES & CO.*

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT—THE QUEEN'S INFANCY.

ON November the 2nd, 1887, it will be one hundred and twenty years since the Queen's father, the late Duke of Kent, was born. The fourth son and the fifth child of George III., the Duke was educated partly in England and partly in Germany and Geneva; but his early days were darkened by many trials and perplexities in consequence of the mistaken notions of George III. and that King's unaccountable parsimony. The Prince's early sojourn with Baron Wangenheim, among the Hanoverian marshes at Lunenburg, in order to learn the profession of arms, was not a good beginning; while the shortness of his supplies until after his marriage frequently obliged him to run into debt. In

1790 he went to reside for a time at Gibraltar, as colonel of the 7th Fusiliers; there he won the character of being a very strict military disciplinarian. In 1791 he proceeded to Canada. In 1793 he passed through the United States to the West Indies, where, under the late Lord Grey, he was present at the reduction of St. Lucie on April the 4th, 1794. In the last named year the Duke returned to Canada; but after serving successfully as Major-General and Lieutenant-General at Halifax until 1798, he was compelled to return to England in consequence of a dangerous fall from his horse.

An anecdote is told of the Duke while travelling in Canada which shows that even royal persons cannot always travel without some suspicions of their social status entering into the minds of those with whom they come in contact. A travelling companion thus tells the story:—

“We arrived rather late one evening at the little inn of *The Cedars* on the St. Lawrence. The landlord was very attentive, for he saw that he had under his roof no ordinary personage, but who it was he could not possibly guess. He repeatedly entered his Royal Highness’s sitting-room. The first time he said, ‘I think, Captain, you rang the table-bell. What did you please to want?’ The second time he brought in a plate of fine raspberries, and said, ‘We have found in the woods, Major, a few raspberries. Will you please to taste them?’ He invented a third and fourth excuse for entering, and saluted His Highness first as colonel, and then as general. The last time, just before leaving the room, he returned from near the door, fell upon his knees, and cried out, ‘May it please your Majesty to pardon us if we don’t behave suitable. I know you are not to be known. I mean no offence in calling you captain and colonel. What must I call you? For anything I can tell you may be a king’s son.’ To this the Duke would have given a kind answer but for an universal and irrepressible explosion of laughter. If you had seen the scared old inn-keeper on his knees, you would have laughed too.”

He was created Duke of Kent and Strathern and Earl of Dublin in 1799, and, immediately afterwards, he was promoted to the rank of General, and became commander-in-

chief of the forces in North America until compelled once more by ill-health to return to England in 1800.

In the early part of 1802, the Duke undertook the post of Governor of Gibraltar; and on proceeding to the fortress to reside there in person, he nobly distinguished himself in the cause of reform; but unhappily the royal philanthropist proved to be before his time. The Duke's aim, as a certain chronicler tells us, was "to suppress the licentiousness and dissipation of the wine-houses. The honourable attempt was made; but with doubtful success. The wine-licenses were withdrawn, and for a time the peaceful inhabitants of Gibraltar could carry on their business, walk the streets, and repose within their dwellings at less risk of insult, or outrage, than before; drunken-



THE DUKE OF KENT.

*After a portrait by G. E. Dawe.*

ness disappeared from among the soldiers; cleanliness and discipline were restored, while military punishments were reduced in frequency, the hospitals emptied of their numerous inmates, and the sexton disappointed of his daily work. But the liquor-merchants were driven from the enjoyment of their enormous profits, and instigated the unreflecting soldiery to vengeance for the loss of those indulgences which devoured their pay and destroyed their



health. Insubordination broke out on all sides; the Governor was not supported by the local authorities; and after receiving the grateful and unanimous acknowledgments of the civil population of Gibraltar, he returned from a post in which his efforts for the public good were more zealous than fortunate."

Thus in various extremes of climate, amid the fatigues of travel and the dangers of war, the Duke's course in life was a chequered one; but his hopeful, cheerful disposition bore him through trials which might otherwise have soured his nature. After his return to England in 1803 he appears chiefly to have resided on the continent, and he probably did so for the sake of economy,—poverty and unavoidable debt having been the crosses of his life almost till the very last.

It happened that Leopold, husband of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, had a sister who was widow of Prince Leiningen, and to whom she had been not very happily married very early in life. During a continental tour undertaken in 1816, the Duke of Kent became acquainted with this lady, who at that time was about thirty years of age, while her royal suitor was forty-nine. If not actually a case of love at first sight, the match was destined to be one of ardent affection on both sides. The character of each was such as the other could respect; and there seemed to be no obstacle in the way of wedded happiness but the usual one, so far as the Duke was concerned—want of means. The Princess possessed an annuity of £5,000; but, because this would have to be surrendered on her marriage, she was herself virtually poor. When, however, the Princess Charlotte of Wales was early and suddenly carried off by death, the marriage which the amiable Princess herself had ardently desired to see brought about, became more than it had previously been a necessity of State. Parliament at length voted them a modest income of £6,000 a year; and thus, after being married on the Continent, the happy couple were reunited according to the Anglican form on July 13th, 1818.

The scene, as pictured by contemporary chroniclers, must have been one of the pleasantest that had graced the long

and not altogether auspicious reign of George III. The Duke of Clarence and the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen were married at the same time, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London officiating. A temporary altar was put up in the Queen's drawing-room overlooking Kew Gardens. The Prince Regent gave the brides away; and when the ceremony was finished, or at five o'clock in the afternoon, His Royal Highness and the rest of the company sat down to a grand banquet. Then followed a tea at "the cottage in Kew Gardens, near the Pagoda," after which the Duke and Duchess retired to Claremont, while the other royal couple drove to St. James's. A little later, the Duke and Duchess of Kent retired to their continental home—the castle of Amorbach, belonging to the Leiningen family. In the spring of the following year they returned to England, the Princess Victoria having been born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819.

In the autumn of the year just named, the Duke, Duchess, and infant daughter went into Devonshire for change of air and scene; and there, to the great grief of all who knew him, the Duke died almost suddenly a few weeks subsequently. A contemporary writer says:—"His Royal Highness, in a long walk on Thursday the 13th of January (1820), with Captain Conroy in the beautiful environs of Sidmouth, had his boots soaked through with the wet. On their return to Woodbrook Cottage, Captain Conroy, finding himself wet in the feet, advised His Royal Highness to change his boots and stockings; but this he neglected till he dressed for dinner, being attracted by the smiles of his infant princess, with whom he sat for a considerable time in fond parental play." The chill which ensued developed into inflammation of the lungs; and, further weakened by the loss of one hundred and twenty ounces of blood, which was taken from him in accordance with the disastrous medical custom of that day, the Duke passed away at ten o'clock on the morning of Sunday, January 23rd, 1820. The grief of the widow was indescribable, very much resembling in its intensity the anguish which was destined to overtake the then infant princess

some forty-one years later, when the Prince Consort died. Referring to the loss of the Duke of Kent a contemporary chronicler says:—"His amiable and afflicted Duchess was most indefatigable in her attentions, and performed all the offices of his sick bed with the most tender and affectionate anxiety. She did not even take off her clothes for five successive nights, and all the medicines were administered by her own hands. She yet struggled to prevent his seeing the agony of her apprehensions, and never left his bedside but to give vent to her bursting sorrow."

The Duke of Kent appears to have exemplified those accomplishments and predilections which render a man in such a high position popular. We are assured that "there



*Key to the Engraving of "The Coronation of Queen Victoria."*

- |                                   |                                  |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Her Majesty the Queen.         | 21. Earl of Albemarle.           | 45. Bishop of Bath and Wells.      |
| 2. H.R.H. the Princess Augusta.   | 22. The Lord Chancellor Cotten-  | 46. The Duke of Richmond.          |
| 3. H.R.H. the Princess Augusta    | ham.                             | 47. Lord Willoughby D'Eresby.      |
| of Cambridge.                     | 23. The Marquis of Lansdowne.    | 48. The Duchess of Sutherland.     |
| 4. H.S.H. the Princess Hohenlohe. | 24. The Duke of Roxburgh.        | 49. The Viscountess Jocelyn.       |
| 5. H.R.H. the Duchess of Cam-     | 25. The Marquess of Westminster. | 50. Lady Caroline Lennox.          |
| bridge.                           | 26. The Duke of Sutherland       | 51. Lady Mary Grimston.            |
| 6. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.    | 27. The Duke of Devonshire.      | 52. The Countess of Gainsborough.  |
| 7. H.R.H. the Duchess of Glou-    | 28. The Duke of Wellington.      | 53. The Marchioness of Nor-        |
| cester.                           | 29. The Marquess of Stafford.    | manby.                             |
| 8. H.S.H. the Reigning Duke       | 30. The Page to Viscount Mel-    | 54. The Marchioness of Lans-       |
| of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.             | bourne.                          | downe.                             |
| 9. H.R.H. the Duke of Nemours.    | 31. The Viscount Melbourne.      | 55. Lady Portman.                  |
| 10. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.    | 32. The late Duke of Norfolk.    | 56. The Duchess of Bedford.        |
| 11. H.R.H. the Duke of Cam-       | 33. Lady Mary Pelham.            | 57. The Marquess of Anglesey.      |
| bridge.                           | 34. Sir Benjamin Stephenson.     | 58. The Marquess of Normanby.      |
| 12. H.R.H. Prince George of Cam-  | 35. H.S.H. the Prince of Lein-   | 59. The Duke of Hamilton.          |
| bridge.                           | ingen.                           | 60. Household Trumpeter.           |
| 13. Bishop of Lichfield.          | 36. Lady Caroline Campbell.      | 61. 62. Trumpeters and assistants. |
| 14. The Archbishop of Canterbury. | 37. Viscount Villiers.           | 63. Peers in the Transept.         |
| 15. Garter King-at-Arms.          | 38. Lady Flora Hastings.         | 64. Spectators' gallery.           |
| 16. Archbishop of Armagh.         | 39. Viscount Morpeth.            | 65. 66. Pages to the Duke of       |
| 17. Bishop of London.             | 40. Lady Caroline Legge.         | Hamilton.                          |
| 18. Archbishop of York.           | 41. Viscount Emlyn;              | 67. 68. Pages to the Ladies in     |
| 19. Lord George Thynne, Sub-      | 42. H.S.H. the Duke of Nassau.   | Waiting.                           |
| dean of Westminster.              | 43. H.S.H. Prince Ernest of      | 69. The Marquess of Conyngham.     |
| 20. Earl of Surrey, now Duke of   | Philipstall.                     | 70. Her Majesty's Robing Room.     |
| Norfolk.                          | 44. Bishop of Durham             |                                    |





THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA.—p. 43.

*Painted by SIR GEORGE HAYTER, M.A.S.I., H.M.'s Historical and Portrait Painter, and Principal Painter in ordinary. By permission of MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & Co.*

was no want nor misery which he did not endeavour to relieve to the extreme limits of his embarrassed fortune. There was no public charity to which his purse, his time, his presence, his eloquence, were not willingly devoted, nor to the ends of which they did not powerfully conduce." Tall, and of a commanding presence, his manners were such as became a prince; and he is said to have resembled his father, George III., in several characteristics. He had large stores of information, he was fond of society, he rose early, carefully husbanded his time, and was always strictly temperate in eating and drinking. At the time of the



WOODBROOK COTTAGE.

Duke's death, the sorrowing widow found a friend in need in her brother Prince Leopold, who hastened to Sidmouth, whence in his own carriage he brought his sister and niece to Kensington. A writer of the time remarks:—"His Royal Highness took every possible care of the infant Princess Alexandrina. . . . Prince Leopold was unremitting in his attentions to his royal sister and niece."

The Duke of Kent was undoubtedly the best of the sons of George III. One of his acquaintances, Mr. G. Hardinge, a Welsh judge, left a sketch of the Duke in which he says, "He improved at close quarters. . . . The manly character of his good sense, and the eloquence of

his expression, were striking. But even they were not so enchanting as that grace of manner which distinguishes him. Compared with it, in my honest opinion, Lord Chesterfield, whom I am old enough to have heard and seen, was a dancing-master." The judge adds that the Duke "opened himself very much to me in detail, with disclosures in confidence, and political ones too, which interested as well as enlightened me very much, but which as a man of honour I cannot reveal. . . . He is no gamester, he is no huntsman, he never goes to Newmarket, but he loves riding upon the road, a full swing trot of nine miles an hour."

From a speech made by Lord Teignmouth as President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, we learn that the Duke of Kent had been a friend of that great and noble institution, and had anxiously endeavoured to promote its general prosperity by attending local and other meetings.

Indeed, the Duke was a lover of good men in general—the most satisfactory evidence of the man himself being good—and while he was an occasional hearer of the eccentric but pious Rowland Hill of Surrey Chapel, he had a principal hand in establishing the infirmary for children in Waterloo Road. The Duke would enjoy a talk with the witty pastor in the parlour of the chapel-house after the service, when he would mention the pleasure which the singing, and the service altogether, had afforded him.

The Queen was greatly favoured by God in having such a father; a man who left really a fragrant memory, whose enlightened views were in advance of his own times, while his example lived after him. He held that religious liberty should be complete and universal, that education should be extended to the whole population, that political power ought to be used for the benefit of all, and that religious tests were inimical to the cause of true religion. He was thus far in advance of his own times; but was it not singular that the Queen, whose reign has been characterised by progress beyond anything ever before paralleled in history, should have had a father of such enlightened views and patriotic aspirations?

When left a widow, the Duchess of Kent thoroughly well

acquitted herself in her trying situation. The child destined to become the monarch of a great empire could hardly have had a more loving or conscientious guardian. On one occasion she explained how, at great inconvenience to the Duke, and at considerable risk to herself, they hastened to England in order that their child might be born on British soil. "In a few months afterwards," continues the Duchess, "my infant and myself were awfully deprived of father and husband. We stood alone, almost friendless and unknown in this country; I could not even speak its language." There is something really pathetic in such a confession, when we remember that at the time of his death in January, 1820—the same week that also saw the departure of his father George III.—the Duchess had been married to the Duke only just over nineteen months. To live among strangers in a foreign country in order to devote herself to the highest mission that could devolve upon a woman, required tact as well as self-sacrifice; the more so in this instance, when the guardian of the nation's hope was frequently treated with even something less than scant courtesy by those occupying places of highest authority in the State.







KENSINGTON PALACE.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER EDUCATION.

THE inhabitants of the picturesque little town of Sidmouth will never forget that it was there that the Duke of Kent passed the closing days of an honoured course, and there spent his latest breath in praying for the welfare of his infant daughter and sorrowing widow. The church of St. Nicholas was restored in 1861; and in 1866 an elegant stained-glass window was presented by the Queen as a lasting memorial of her father.

Leaving Devonshire, the Duchess of Kent and her family were lodged in the old palace at Kensington; and there, as a stranger in a strange country, the resolute woman undertook the superintendence of the education of her interesting charge. We can pretty well imagine what the daily routine of life must have been in the old court suburb before the shadow of old time customs had passed from the world; but the following sketch by an anonymous author, published many years ago, will enable us vividly to realise the surroundings of the family when the Queen and her half-sister were children together.

“The regularity which pervaded the Duchess of Kent’s household, and particularly everything which related to the royal infant, enables us to give a slight sketch of the manner in which her days were chiefly passed. The whole

family were early risers, and the Duchess, her daughters, the Baroness de Spaedth, and Miss Lehzen, the governess of the Princess Feodore, met in the breakfast-room at eight o'clock in the summer, and in very hot weather even earlier.

"In this pretty room, ornamented with paintings of all her children, the Duchess and her family, having paid their morning tribute of prayer and thanksgiving, partook together of their first social meal, the Princess Victoria being seated beside the Duchess, in her elegant little rose-wood chair, and having before her a small round table to correspond, upon which her bread, milk, and fruit were placed, whilst her nurse attended upon her.

"Immediately after breakfast the Princess Feodore retired with her governess to her study, and the little Princess, generally from nine to ten o'clock, mounted her donkey and rode round the gardens. If the weather was unfavourable, a carriage airing, at about twelve o'clock, was substituted.

"From ten to twelve the Duchess devoted herself to the instruction of her infant daughter, and much of general, useful, and most important knowledge did the royal pupil imbibe from the lips of her amiable and pious mother. When the morning tasks were over, the Duchess would retire to her private sitting-room, in which she pursued her own occupations, Turnerilli's bust of her darling child at two years old surmounting the writing-desk at which she usually sat; and the little Princess, always accompanied by her affectionate nurse, Mrs. Brock, whom she would frequently clasp round the neck, and call her 'dear, dear Boppy,' amused herself with running to and fro through the spacious suite of rooms extending round two sides of the palace. In each of these rooms were to be seen some of her toys—carriages, horses, cows, dolls, baby-houses, models of ships, etc.

"At two o'clock exactly the Princess always dined, upon the plainest and most wholesome fare, the Duchess and her elder daughter taking their luncheon at the same time. After dinner, the lessons were again resorted to till about four o'clock, when the Duchess would either take her

two children to visit some members of the royal family, or some favoured friend amongst the nobility ; or they would take a lengthened airing in a carriage ; after which the infant Princess would come out with her little chair, to ride or walk alternately in Kensington Gardens. Sometimes, indeed, when the weather was very fine, the family party would spend the whole afternoon under the trees upon the lawn, and seldom return to the house till near the Duchess's dinner hour, which was seven o'clock.

"When Her Royal Highness sat down to dinner, the Princess Victoria was seated in her little chair at her right hand, and took her bread and milk for supper — the nurse standing behind her. When she had completed her meal, she was allowed to leave the table, and Mrs. Brock played with her in the same room, till the Duchess's dinner was over, when the Princess re-



THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

turned to partake of the dessert ; and this was always the case whether the Duchess had company or not.

"The Princess Sophia frequently joined the party in the evening ; and about nine o'clock the royal child was taken to her beautiful little French bed, on one side of her mother's larger one. The Princess Feodore occupied a third, at the other side ; the nurse sleeping in a small room immediately adjoining."

Another writer describes what he saw at Ramsgate, when the Princess Victoria was in her early youth.

“When first I saw the pretty and pale daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair light form was sporting, in all the redolence of youth and health, on the noble sands of Old Ramsgate. It was a fine summer day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the passing breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently on the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple,—a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown ; a coloured muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamschatka. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man—whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that Eternal Book where the actions of men are written with the pen of truth—walked by her parent’s side, and doubtless gave that counsel and offered that advice which none were more able to offer than himself—for it was William Wilberforce. His kindly eyes followed, with parental interest, every footstep of the young creature, as she advanced to, and retreated from, the coming tide ; and it was evident that his mind and his heart were full of the future, whilst they were interested in the present.”

Pedestrians who happened to pass through Kensington Gardens in those days were accustomed to the sight of the Duchess of Kent’s household as they took their airing in the grounds. When the weather permitted, the Princess Victoria would ride on a donkey given her by her uncle the Duke of York ; and although this gaily-clothed animal was in charge of two servants, the Duchess and her elder daughter were sure to be not far away. The future Queen would say “ Good morning ” with great cordiality to such as recognised her. The Princess is described by a contemporary journalist as possessing an animated countenance which spoke health and good-temper, while there was a striking resemblance to her father and the Princess Charlotte.

No account of the Princess Victoria, as she appeared in the third decade of this century, would be complete without the



reminiscence which Charles Knight gives in his *Passages of a Working Life*, as follows :—

“ In the early morning, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington’s green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air, a single page attending them at a respectful distance ; the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the fair, soft English face is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics, passing onward to their occupation, are few ; and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which I think is more commonly found in the class of the merely rich than in the ranks below them in the world’s estimation. What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye ; that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny ; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child’s nature ; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre ; that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her. I passed on and blessed her ; and I thank God that I lived to see the golden fruits of such training.”

The training thus referred to was doubtless as a whole about as perfectly complete as a wise and conscientious mother could make it. The governess, who afterwards became known as the Baroness Lehzen, and Mr. Davys, who in due time became Bishop of Peterborough, were both highly competent instructors ; and it was to the former of these that the royal pupil remarked, when for the first time she learned that she was actually the heiress of Great Britain, “ I will be good.” It was a child’s resolve ; but in the course of the good providence of God, it was a resolve that the Queen has been enabled to keep. Thus early was she taught that character rose higher than rank in the popular esteem.

When the future Queen was eleven years of age, her grandmother wrote to the Duchess of Kent :—

“My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart! The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished. How well I can sympathise with the feelings of anxiety that must possess you when that time comes! God, Who has helped you through so many bitter hours of grief, will be your help still. Put your trust in Him.”

When the Duchess of Kent was appointed to become Regent if need be, during the Queen's minority, the same writer said :—

“I should have been very sorry if the Regency had been given into other hands than yours. It would not have been a just return for your constant devotion and care to your child if this had not been done. May God give you wisdom and strength to do your duty if called upon to undertake it! May God bless and protect our little darling! If I could but once see her again! The print you sent me of her is not like the picture I have. The quantity of curls hide the well-shaped head, and make it look too large for the lovely little figure.”

In those days of happy childhood the Duchess of Kent and her daughter travelled a good deal about England, and were familiar visitors at several of the leading watering-places. They met with many interesting adventures, of which the following may be taken as a sample.

At a certain place on the Kentish coast there was a lighthouse of which the keeper was a godly widow, who made a point of putting by in a box all that was given to her on Monday mornings, for the cause of God. She inwardly resolved that all money which might be given to her before noon on Mondays should be given to the cause of Missions.

The week after she had formed this resolution a gentleman who called to see the lighthouse gave the widow a sovereign



HER MAJESTY RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT AFTER THE CORONATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 28, 1838.

*From the picture by F. WINTERHALTER. By permission of MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & Co.*

—quite an unexpected amount, and one which, if expended judiciously, would relieve her mind of some pressing anxieties. The widow turned the matter over in her mind; she asked advice of friends; she prayed to be directed aright. The result of all was that the money was placed in the missionary collecting-box.

Later on that same day a lady, who appeared to be a widow of distinguished rank, and who was accompanied by her daughter and several attendants, also called to see the lighthouse, and on leaving gave the widow a handsome donation. About two days later a messenger called upon the widow to say that the lady and her daughter had become interested in her case, and consequently asked her acceptance of £25, together with £5 from the younger lady. These friends of the lonely lighthouse widow were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

One day, when the Queen was enjoying a cruise in the Solent, an old sailor who watched the vessel from the shore remarked to a friend :—“ I mind how that brave lady, ever from her childish days, has had a kind heart for poor Jack Tar. Why, in her walk about the coast years ago, with the Duchess of Kent, many's the time she's listened to a poor sailor's yarn about his shipwrecks, his troubles, ay, and his joys, for there's fair weather as well as rough. My old comrade, Timber Tough, as we call him, now in Greenwich Hospital, told me that once upon a time, when the Princess Victoria was at Dover, and used to walk about the cliffs, he and his son Jim the fisherman were mending their nets in a sheltered cove, when all of a sudden a grand lady, and a bright-looking little Missy, and another lady, and two men-servants at a distance, came round the point of the cliff right afore them. A campstool was brought for the lady with the grand look, and Timber Tough, who knew a bit of manners, made a sign for his son to gather up the nets, and meant to go away, but the lady said very sweetly, ‘ Don't let us disturb you,’ and the little Missy added, ‘ You need not go away ; ’ and somehow they got to asking about nets and fishing, and then about the sea, and p'raps the young lady had been reading about the perils of the great deep, for she asked, ‘ Have you ever been shipwrecked? ’



‘Yes, miss! that I have,’ says Timber Tough, ‘upon a desolate island, too.’

“‘Indeed! where?’”

In reply to this question, the old man told how he had been wrecked and cast upon the island of Anticosti in 1814. The mishap occurred partly through a double allowance of grog having been served out in honour of a royal birthday. They were imprisoned on the island for four weeks. On the day following that on which he had told his story, Timber Tough found that his auditors had been the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent.

In the memoirs of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Parry, there occurs this reminiscence of the Princess Victoria.

“Claremont is a charming place, and I enjoyed myself extremely. I must not forget the little Princess Victoria. She is what you would call a very dear and lovable child, with manners so lady-like and superior, that you would know her at once to be something more than an ordinary girl, and yet possessing all the innocent playfulness and simplicity of a child. She and her mother sat down quietly to the piano after breakfast, and sang with remarkable sweetness and taste some beautiful German duets and some Tyrolese airs which I had not heard before.”

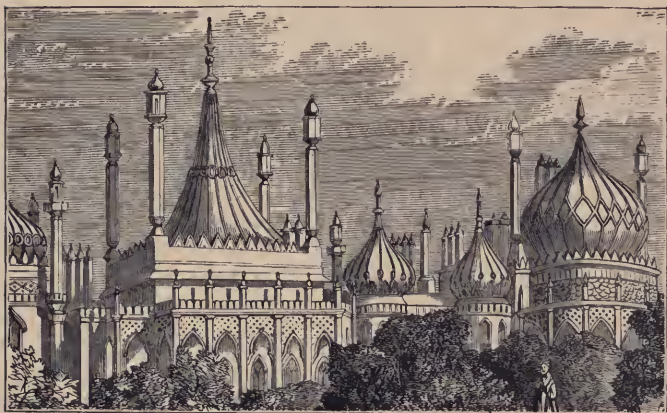
There are several references to the Princess Victoria in the Greville Memoirs, and one under date of May 29th, 1829, relates to her appearance at Court at the age of ten. A State dinner was given to two French visitors, the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, while the young Queen of Portugal, ablaze with jewels, was among the visitors. The foreign beauty had a fall, however, and retired in some confusion, probably being the more disconcerted on account of the splendour of her costume. Our own Princess was less brilliantly dressed; but she presented a taking example of maidenly modesty and simplicity.

It was not very long before his death, that the King at the royal dinner-table proposed the health of the heiress to the throne in his most graceful manner, and in the following words:—

“‘And now, having given the health of the oldest, I will give that of the youngest member of the Royal Family.

I know the interest which the public feel about her, and although *I have not seen so much of her as I could have wished*, I take no less interest in her, and the more I do see of her, both in public and in private, the greater pleasure it will give me.' The whole thing was so civil and gracious that it could hardly be taken ill; but the young Princess sat opposite, and hung her head with not unnatural modesty at being thus talked of in so large a company."

The same writer, however, gives particulars of an extra-



THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

ordinary scene which took place at Windsor, on August 21st, 1836, when the King, displeased at the Duchess of Kent having taken possession of rooms at Kensington Palace, and having, as he thought, kept the Princess Victoria from Court, rebuked her in a tone of great asperity at a dinner party.

But the days of childhood were passing, and great changes were coming on. When the Princess of Kent, as she was at first called, was born at Kensington, it had not seemed very probable that the babe would ever become queen of the great British Empire, as several sons of the

King were then living. One day the infant providentially escaped from being shot, a boy carelessly firing his gun through a window of the nursery. Gradually, however, as the hope of any other succession became more remote, the people began to regard the Princess as England's heir. It is interesting to trace the movements of mother and daughter about the country. For a time they are found staying at the Pavilion at Brighton; in 1822 and 1823 they visited Ramsgate, where they appear to have become well known. When she was seven years of age the Princess paid a visit to her uncle George IV. at Windsor; and though he had years before been suspected of betraying some symptoms of jealousy on account of the Duke of Kent's popularity, the King appears to have been wonderfully well-pleased on this occasion. Then, in 1830, a visit was paid to Malvern, where the royal tourists won the esteem of the poor. In the following year they spent some time at Norris Castle, Isle of Wight; and about a year later they visited several seats of the English nobility—Eaton Hall, Alton Towers, and Chatsworth. While in Derbyshire the mother and child looked over the cotton-mills of Messrs. Strutt at Belper, where they were very cordially received by the people. In 1834 they were at Tunbridge Wells, where an old peasant woman won some distinction by handing the Princess a glass of water. Subsequently they wintered at St. Leonards. In 1836 a visit was paid to Ramsgate. At the age of eighteen, in May 1837, the heiress to the British Crown came of age; twenty-seven days later the King died, and Victoria took possession of her inheritance. The youthful Queen had been carefully educated; and now, as the time of her accession drew near, she had the joy of seeing the country enter upon a new and a more auspicious era, although at first the outlook was too dark to allow of any one perceiving that a new era of progress was about to open.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ACCESSION—OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN—STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

AS a king, and as a man, William IV. had many redeeming qualities ; but as he belonged to an older world than that in which, in the course of God's providence, he reigned, he may have made many mistakes, chiefly through error of judgment ; but at heart he wished well to all men, while he was ever desirous of being the benefactor of his country. Having passed his earlier days in the navy, when a seafaring life had few features save such as were repellent, he naturally carried with him through life some remnants of the brusque manners of the Georgian sailor ; and thus, when people looked for reserve in a monarch, his excessive outspokenness would sometimes be regarded as actual rudeness. Then neither his education nor early associations enabled him either to understand or to value those forces of progress which were making themselves



more and more manifest in every direction in the King's last days. The old order of things was passing away ; a grander era of philanthropic effort, of education, of religious equality, and of extended commerce was coming on. It is not usual for aged persons to think that the present is in any wise an improvement on the days of their youth. Their inward thought is that the old was better.

But although William IV. may not have been perfect as a ruler, a king whose last official act was to pardon a condemned malefactor must have had much kindness of heart. He must have possessed also a vein of wit, which enabled him to give or take a joke with royal good-humour. One anecdote, which he was accustomed to tell with much glee, may be given as a sample of the King's table-talk in his lighter moments. "I was riding in the park the other day on the road between Teddington and Hampton Wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm," said the King, referring to days when, as Duke of Clarence, he would ride out unattended. "'Nice pony that of yours, old gentleman,' said the boy. 'Pretty fair,' was my reply. 'Mine's a good 'un too,' rejoined he, 'and I'll trot you to Hampton Wick for a pot o' beer.' I declined the match ; and the butcher's boy, as he struck his single spur into his horse's side, exclaimed with a look of contempt, 'I thought you were only a muff!'"

When the coming of age of the Princess Victoria was celebrated on May 24th, 1837, the King, who had nearly completed his seventy-second year, was in the last stage of life ; and as the symptoms of his illness developed, he became conscious of the fact, while he seemed to be quite resigned to the Divine will. Neither the King nor the Queen was able to take part in the festivities, although they were of course interested in the welfare of their youthful niece. We find that at six o'clock a.m. the Union Jack was hoisted on the tower of Kensington Church, and above this was one of pure white silk, bearing in letters of ethereal blue the name VICTORIA. The chief houses in the High-street exhibited flags of large dimensions ; and when the palace gardens were thrown open, a throng of well-dressed persons

entered, it having been understood that a serenade would be performed beneath the Princess's apartments. The royal entertainment of the evening was exceptionally brilliant, the one serious drawback having been the unavoidable absence of the King and Queen. Four weeks later William IV. breathed his last.

What happened in the early morning of June 20th, 1837, has been variously described ; but probably the account by Greville, Clerk of the Council, is nearest to the actual truth.

"On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see the 'Queen.' They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in, wrapped in a dressing-gown, and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham, in a few words, told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a kind of pastoral charge, which she received graciously, and then retired."

The new reign commenced auspiciously, when the Queen and her early visitors knelt together on the floor of the apartment, Dr. Howley, as archbishop, offering a prayer for the Divine guidance and blessing. A few hours later the first council of the Queen assembled, an ever memorable historical scene which has been depicted to the life by the pencil of Sir David Wilkie. There were the Royal dukes, the Queen's uncles, the archbishops, a brilliant array of statesmen, and the Lord Mayor of London bringing up the rear. When the voice of the young monarch was heard, she spoke of the loss which she and the country had sustained by the death of the King in no tones of affected grief, and of the responsibility which the situation involved. "This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly," it was added, "and at so early a period of my life, that I



H.M. THE QUEEN IN THE IMPERIAL DALMATIAN ROBES, SEATED ON THE THRONE  
OF HOMAGE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*After the picture by SIR GEORGE HAYTER. By permission of MESSRS. HENRY  
GRAVES & CO.*

should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age, and to long experience." The not very amiable diarist, Greville, who certainly entertained a better opinion of himself than he did of anyone else, would have it inferred that the young Queen was at first received with indifference; but England would hardly have been herself had it really been so. In point of fact, the public read the newspaper accounts of what was happening, and of the new sovereign's becoming demeanour in her trying situation, with keenest interest; while the cheers which greeted her when she appeared before the crowd which gathered beneath a balcony at St. James's Palace, looking pale, and attired in mourning, are described as having been such as could not have been surpassed. The age was not an enthusiastic one; the people had been subjected to long periods of war and gross misgovernment; but to many the accession of the young Queen must have been an event of hopeful augury.

The Queen was thus on the throne,—what was the prospect? We complain of hard times, and are ever tempted to think our own exceptional in their badness; or we trace the sufferings we endure to causes which are quite foreign. In June 1837 Free Trade had not triumphed in these islands, as it has since done; but what was the general outlook?

Our first witness may be *The Manchester Courier* of that day, which remarked:—"We are sorry to say that trade in this district continues in a very depressed state, and the consequence is a scarcity of employment and low wages for the operatives, amongst whom, we regret to observe, distress prevails to a most deplorable extent."

Our second witness shall be *The Morning Chronicle*, which at the very beginning of the summer of 1837 said:—"At Manchester it is stated there are 50,000 hands out of employ, and most of the large establishments are working only half-time. At Wigan, which is not a large place, there are 4,000 weavers totally unable to get work. Unless a

stimulus is shortly given to commerce, persons who have the means of forming the most correct opinions say that half a million of hands, at least, will be idle in the manufacturing districts in the very worst time of the year."

*The Birmingham Journal* of the same time had this paragraph on the "state of the country":—"A meeting convened by the circular of several gentleman was held on Friday, at the Public Office, for the purpose of considering what measures could be adopted sufficient to remove the present appalling state of commercial distress. At this meeting it was universally admitted that the number of unemployed workmen, and the consequent distress which prevails, call for the adoption of prompt and efficient measures; and resolutions were passed expressive of the deep sympathy felt by the meeting for their suffering fellow-townsmen and their families."

*The Nottingham Review* bore equally doleful testimony, saying: "The number of operatives employed by public subscription on the roads is nearly 1,000. The relief committee after anxious deliberation came to the decision, on Monday evening, that in future the wages allowed could be only eight shillings a week on day work."

Even *The Fifeshire Journal* joined in the universal outcry by declaring: "The pressure upon manufactures and commerce has at length reached our county." Thus from end to end of the empire there was one ominous testimony to the prevalence of acute distress. The general tendency for at least forty years has been in the direction of free trade, and the above allusions do not make it appear that a return to protection would make periodical distress impossible.

The outlook soon brightened; for in *The Edinburgh Review* for July 1837 we read:—

"The new reign is beginning well. The temporary clouds, lately impending over us, have been lifted up as on its approach. It is scarcely two months since the farmer was threatened with a second 1816,—the merchant with another 1825. Providentially the cornfields and Mark Lane agree in the brightness of our actual prospects. The political spectres which, for the last six years, have been stalking and gibbering in our streets, have also disappeared.



During all that period we could hear nothing but one everlasting cry of 'Wolf.' The horrors of the French Revolution were daily knocking at our doors. At present, not only has the revolutionary alarm subsided, but most persons admit that history presents few national spectacles more encouraging than the manliness and moderation which marked the conduct of the English people throughout this stirring crisis, their honest consciousness of the rectitude of their purpose, and their just reliance on the stability of the institutions which they loved. With what vigour did they shift the helm and put about when they saw that the vessel of the State was almost on the breakers! How instinctively, as it were, did the good ship seem to right itself, in spite of mutineers aboard! And ever since, how steady and gallant has been its bearing over the open sea, the proof of adverse winds from opposite quarters of the heavens only serving to keep it true to its determined course."

The Queen thus came into her great inheritance at a time when the outlook was anything but inviting or reassuring; but to the shrewdly observant it was a time of transition from the old world of the Georges and William IV. to the Victorian era.

In connection with the Queen's accession we ought to make honourable mention of William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne, the first Premier of the new reign, and who, as a veteran then verging on sixty years of age, became the young Queen's instructor in matters of State, and in things pertaining to her duty as a sovereign. Lord Melbourne was not a great statesman nor a man of exceptionally brilliant parts in any sense; but he is generally supposed to have performed this part of his delicate office with great tact and wisdom, and with genuine solicitude for the welfare of both sovereign and people. "I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her," remarks Greville, "as he might be of his daughter if he had one; and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving, without having anything in the world to love. It is become his province to educate, instruct, and form the most interesting mind and character in the world. No occupation was ever more engrossing, or involved greater responsibility. I have no doubt that



Melbourne is both equal to and worthy of the task, and that it is fortunate she has fallen into his hands, and that he discharges this great duty wisely, honourably, and conscientiously." Indeed, such lessons as were needed to be learned were learned thoroughly well. The minister had an apt pupil, who, in a surprising manner, rose to the requirements of the situation and her high office. The Duchess of Kent all at once found her office of guardian gone; the daughter who had hitherto leaned on her mother having suddenly developed into the self-reliant monarch.

The events which took place in rapid succession all tended to show the Queen's popularity. In the second week of July she removed to Buckingham Palace, which hundreds of workmen had made ready for her reception. On Lord Mayor's Day, November 9th, she dined at the Guildhall with the chief magistrate of the city and the civic dignitaries, when the spectacle was one of rare brilliance—an historical event to be remembered for ever. On the 20th of November the new Parliament was opened; and then on the 28th of the following June came the magnificent pageant of the coronation. The year which had passed since her accession had increased the Queen's popularity; and the interest now shown by the public was probably without a parallel. So great was the influx of country people into the metropolis that lodgings rose to a fabulous price; while the prices charged by cabmen and others, who had conveyances for hire, were correspondingly extravagant. It was a holiday long to be remembered, and the Queen's bearing throughout was worthy of the occasion. So, at least, thought Lord Ashley, who afterwards became Lord Shaftesbury the philanthropist. "An idle pageant, forsooth?" he wrote in his diary, quoted by Mr. Edwin Hodder. "As idle as the coronation of King Solomon, or the dedication of his temple. . . . Many, very many, were deeply impressed. The crowds were immense; perhaps half a million of people assembled in admiring affection and loyalty to witness the royal procession. Both during the day and the night such order and good-humour were observed as would have done honour to a private family. Even the fair in Hyde Park has been quiet, decent, respectful,

and safe. What a nation is this ! What materials for happiness and power ! What seeds of honour to God and service to man ! ”

Greville has this anecdote, which in some measure helps us to realise the scene :—

“ Lord Rolle, who was between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise. When, afterwards, he came again to do homage, she said, ‘ May I not get up and meet him ? ’ and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up—an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation. It is, in fact, the remarkable union of *naïveté*, kindness, nature, good-nature, with propriety and dignity, which make her so admirable and so endearing to those about her as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but that all feel the impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her. She never ceases to be a queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected queen in the world.”

While we read of things like these, and of the difficult part which the maiden Queen had to act, one must bear well in mind how different in many respects was that older world of fifty years ago from the one in which we are now celebrating the Royal Jubilee. Few, indeed, are the statesmen who were then living that have survived to see this auspicious time. The conditions of life were then very different from what they are now. In the main, travelling had still to be accomplished by coach ; and the people, who were suffering from commercial depression, were in all respects in a backward condition. Sanitary science had made but little headway, philanthropic work had not yet developed, the children of the poor were generally uneducated. They were hard times, and the people were sighing for better days.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE.

**S**CATTERED notices of what the young Queen was like, what were her immediate surroundings, and what was the character of the social and political outlook, appear in various works ; and some of these, written by persons who actually witnessed the scenes they described, enable us better than anything else to obtain glimpses into the home life of the maiden Queen at the beginning of her reign. A few weeks after her accession—on October 4th, 1837—the Court was at the Pavilion, Brighton ; and we have met with this reminiscence of the occasion by Mr. Gutteridge, who was then organist of the royal establishment :—

“I waited the approach of Her Majesty in the music-room, as she was inspecting the various rooms after her arrival, thinking she might like to hear the noble organ . . . not the one there now but a much larger one, and a very superior instrument, which was removed to Osborne when the Pavilion was dismantled. The Queen, on being informed who I was, said she would like to hear the organ in the evening, and I was requested to attend. During the evening, H.R.H.

the Duchess of Kent, who, with several of the ladies-in-waiting, stood by my side, expressed a wish to sing something to the accompaniment of the organ. The well-known duet from 'Norma'—'Mira Norma'—was selected, which the Duchess sang with the Hon. Miss Dillon. The Duchess then turned and said to the Queen, 'Now, my dear, you try something.' Her Majesty approached almost timidly, and selected a song from Costa's opera of 'Malek Adel,' which she sang in a pure, unaffected, correct, and charming manner. It is a composition which requires more expression than execution, but it was very perfectly rendered, nicely in tune, and with excellent taste. Her Majesty then wished me to play the 'Preghiera' from Méhul's opera of 'Joseph,' but I could not recollect it without the notes. She immediately sent for her own music-book. I had the honour of holding one side of the book while Her Majesty turned over the leaves of the other until she came to the object of her search. She seemed pleased at hearing it played, and requested me to attend every evening during her stay in Brighton."

In the diary of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury for October 1838, as given by Mr. Edwin Hodder, when the Queen was in her twentieth year, there is a charming picture of home-life at Court at that early and interesting period.

"11th.—*Windsor Castle.* Here for a few days by desire of Her Majesty, unquestionably a great honour, which demands all gratitude and loyalty from us. We have the mornings to ourselves, and the beauty and magnificence of the place, the fineness of the weather, and the comfort of the apartments, enable us to pass the time very agreeably.

"12th.—A noble ride yesterday through the park with Her Majesty and train. The order of the ride and the arrangements at dinner the same as usual; in fact, the same since Her Majesty mounted the throne. No ride to-day, the Queen had a bad cold.

"I should be most ungrateful did I not feel and speak of her condescension and kindness with the warmest affection and loyalty; from the hour she became queen to the present day, I and mine have received one invariable succession of friendly and hospitable acts, bestowed with a degree of ease, good-humour, and considerateness which would be captivat-

ing in any private person. She manifests a desire to make her favours as pleasant as they are honourable ; and in most instances (strange to be said of a Court) she is successful.

"15<sup>th</sup>. Weather has been very bad. Cold in the extreme. Yesterday (Sunday) Queen did not attend chapel, nor walk on the terrace. The difference of the day was marked in the evening by the absence of music at dinner and afterwards, and no whist for the Duchess of Kent. I am agreeably surprised here by the civility of the servants, the ready attendance, the ease with which everything is procured ; above all, the comfort of the house : it has, conjoined with all its magnificence, the arrangements and convenience of a private dwelling. Let me see, the hours were ten o'clock for breakfast, unless it was preferred to breakfast in one's own room ; two o'clock for luncheon ; a ride, or a drive, at three o'clock for two hours or so ; dinner at half-past seven. A military band at dinner, and the Queen's band after dinner, filled up, and very necessarily, the pauses of conversation. We sat till half-past eleven at a round table, and then went to bed."

From the first the Queen has shown a regard for the Sabbath which produced a very wholesome effect on the public mind ; for, as was shown in the reactionary days of Charles II., the open desecration of the Sabbath at Court encouraged loose habits among humbler folks, until the people were demoralised in a manner which strangely contrasted with their condition in Puritan times. The reference just made to the music which necessarily enlivens the solemn occasion of a State dinner becomes the more interesting when taken in connection with an anecdote which we have not met with in any life of the Queen. On a certain day, guests more than ordinarily distinguished were expected to dine at Windsor Castle ; and as the music on such an occasion equals in importance other arrangements, the special pieces selected in this instance required to be patiently rehearsed by the band. Because the music was difficult and Sunday intervened in the brief space of time at his disposal, the conductor decided to appropriate that day for practice, not dreaming that any difficulties would present themselves. The men were ordered to attend ; and



two German Wesleyans who had scruples of conscience in the matter, were threatened with dismissal if they refused to attend. The two Methodists were firm, however; they stayed away throughout the Sabbath; and when they appeared on Monday morning they were greeted with violent language and told to go about their business. They walked away somewhat downcast at losing their situations, but soon after leaving the Castle they happened to meet the Bishop of London, who stopped his carriage, and, after hearing all about the affair, the Bishop promised to mention it to the Queen herself. Soon afterwards the leader was summoned into the royal presence; and on being asked as to what had become of the two players, he explained how their "absurd religious scruples" had led to their discomfiture. The Queen at once decided the matter for herself by giving commands that the discharged players should at once be restored to their places, adding, with emphasis worthy of the occasion, "I will have no more persecution in my service for conscience' sake, and *I will have no more rehearsals on Sunday.*"

After the young Queen had reigned about two years, the nation which had welcomed her to the throne with true English enthusiasm became desirous of seeing the sovereign happily married. About three months after the birth of the Princess Victoria there was born at Rosenau, Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel—whose father was brother to the Duchess of Kent—the future husband of the Queen of England. The young Prince, who was brought up with his brother Ernest, was so far unfortunate in his early years that the union of his parents was an unhappy one. When he was about five years old, or in 1824, a separation took place between the Prince's father and mother, and two years later they were divorced. The Duchess died at the early age of thirty-two in 1832, after a severe illness. Her children appear never to have seen their mother after 1826; but the Prince Consort always treasured very loving memories of his mother.

Even when he was a little child, those who attended on Prince Albert would indulge in day-dreams about his future happiness with an English bride. When the children of





HER MAJESTY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, 1846.

*From the painting by H. E. DAWE*

the Duke and Duchess of Clarence died early, and it became more and more certain that the Princess Victoria would come to the throne, there were those who thought that it would be advantageous to both sides if she were to marry her cousin Albert. From the first the royal pair were greatly attached to each other ; but the preliminaries of so momentous a business were not to be hastily settled. Of course until the Queen showed her partiality and declared her wishes on the subject there were other suitors and some Court intrigues.

The Prince, accompanied by his father and brother, visited the Duchess of Kent and the Princess at Kensington in 1836. Between that date and the time of his second visit to England in the autumn of 1839, King Leopold and the faithful court physician, Baron Stockmar, had many serious talks together on the subject ; and it may have been quite evident to some other observers in what direction things were tending. Prince Albert was virtually educated for the high position he afterwards occupied ; and to which he at once so nicely adapted himself. When at length the Queen opened her heart, and confessed that her choice had fallen upon him—Court etiquette not allowing one of inferior rank to ask the hand of the sovereign—his prospects occasioned Prince Albert intensest joy. “ My prevailing feeling is, What am I that such happiness should be mine ? ” he wrote. “ For excess of happiness it is for me to know that I am so dear to you.” A more thorough love-match, and one that continued such until the end, was never heard of either before or since, either in palace or cottage.

Not even in castle or palace, however, with all the resources of royalty at its command, may the course of true love be expected to run quite smooth. The royal lovers were as happy as they could be in each other ; but there were many little annoyances, incident to the situation, which could not fail to occasion irritation. All the matters relative to the Prince’s household had to be arranged ; and in some respects the arrangements were contrary to his own desires. His annuity, which the Government fixed at £50,000, gave rise to a not very amiable debate in Parliament, when the figures were reduced to £30,000, after an unsuccessful

endeavour had been made to make the amount £21,000. These things could not fail to cause much annoyance; and until he better understood the tactics of political parties, the Prince naturally thought that he was possibly unpopular in England.

When he really landed on the 7th of February, 1840, the Prince at once saw that the heart of the nation was in sympathy with him. "Our reception has been most satisfactory," he wrote to the Queen. "There were thousands of people on the quays, and they saluted us with loud and uninterrupted cheers."

February is perhaps the most uncertain month of the year as regards weather; and the crowds who thronged the approaches to St. James's Palace on the morning of February 10th, 1840, perforce braved fog and cold for the sake of seeing the wedding procession. No mist or rain could damp the people's ardour, however—the loyal enthusiastic multitude which itself contributed to make up such a spectacle as had never before been witnessed in England. The bride, as her carriage passed from Buckingham Palace to St. James's, was greeted by a tremendous roar of applause. Unveiled, so that the populace should not be denied the pleasure of looking upon her fair young face, the Queen, who had her mother by her side, looked pale and a little excited; but this all passed away when the ceremony was over, and on her return the bride was able to acknowledge the still deafening cheers with right royal winsome smiles. The scene was certainly without a parallel in English history; and then, later in the day, the weather brightened into what all at once looked like early spring. Then followed the twenty-two miles' drive to Windsor; and nearly the entire length of that long route was lined with spectators, who continued the round after round of cheers which the Londoners had commenced in the chill damp atmosphere of the early morning. The Eton boys turned out to add what *éclat* they could to the occasion; while the town of Windsor itself was bright with illuminations.

One of the ladies-in-waiting at Court at that time was Lady Lyttelton, whose remarks on the occasion are given

in the "Life of the Prince Consort." "The Queen's look and manner were very pleasing," she says ; "her eyes much swollen with tears, but great happiness in her countenance ; and her look of confidence and comfort at the Prince, when they walked away as man and wife, was very pleasing to me. I understand she is in extremely high spirits since. Such a new thing for her to *dare* to be *unguarded* in conversing with anybody ; and with her frank and fearless nature, the restraints she has hitherto been under, from one reason or another, with everybody, must have been most painful."

This was so far well ; but while the royal pair were happy in each other's love, many things occurred to prevent the course of life from running smoothly on. Though occupying so high a position, the Prince was really nothing more in the eye of the law than he was before his marriage. Hence the difficulties and worries which from time to time arose in regard to precedence. "When I was first married," says the Queen in a memorandum inserted in the "Prince Consort's Life," "we had much difficulty on this subject, much bad feeling was shown, several members of the Royal Family showed bad grace in giving precedence to the Prince, and the late King of Hanover positively resisted doing so. . . . When the Queen was abroad, the Prince's position was always a subject of negotiation and vexation : the position accorded to him the Queen always had to acknowledge as a grace and favour bestowed on her by the sovereigns whom she visited. While, in 1856, the Emperor of the French treated the Prince as a royal personage, his uncle declined to come to Paris, because he would not give precedence to the Prince ; and on the Rhine, in 1845, the King of Prussia would not give the place to the Queen's husband which common civility required, because of the presence of an archduke, the third son of an uncle of the reigning Emperor of Austria, who would not give the *pas*, and whom the King would not offend. The only legal position in Europe, according to international law, which the husband of the Queen enjoyed, was that of a younger brother of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and this merely because the English law did not know of him." Parliament might probably have settled the matter ;





THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE TO PRINCE ALBERT, IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE, FEB. 10, 1840.  
*After the picture by SIR GEORGE HAYTER, R.A. By permission of MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES AND CO*



but showed no disposition to do so until the year 1857, when by royal letters patent the title of Prince Consort was conferred.

Still, in spite of every drawback, the wedded life of the Queen and her large-hearted as well as gifted Consort

passed onward, one year seeming to excel its predecessor in happiness.

The children who were given to the royal pair added to the delights of life.

"For a moment only was the Prince disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son," writes the Queen herself, when the Princess Royal was born on November 21st, 1840.

The Princess was married to the Crown

Prince of Prussia on January 25th, 1858. The Prince of Wales was born on November 9th in the year 1841. "I wonder very much whom our little boy will be like," wrote the Queen to her Uncle Leopold. "You will understand *how* fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in every, every



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

*From a photograph by Messrs. TURNER AND DRINKWATER.*

respect, both in body and mind." The Prince was married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, March 10th, 1863. On April 25th, 1843, came a second daughter; and the Queen wrote, "Our little baby is to be called Alice, an old English name." The Princess married the Grand Duke of Hesse in 1862, and died on the seventeenth anniversary of her father's death, December 14th, 1878. There is no exaggeration in saying that she was one of the most exemplary royal women to be met with in all history—a sincere Christian whose philanthropic self-denial was only surpassed by her patriotism. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, was born on August 6th, 1844; and on January 23rd, 1874, he was married to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. The Princess Helena, born May 25th, 1846, was married July 5th, 1866, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Louise, born March 18th, 1848, was married March 21st, 1871, to the Marquis of Lorne. Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, born on May Day, 1850, was married to the Princess Marguerite of Prussia on March 13th, 1879. On April 7th, 1853, another son was born. "Leopold is to be the name of our fourth young gentleman," wrote the Queen to her uncle of the same name. "It is a mark of love and affection which I hope you will not disapprove. It is a name which is the dearest to me after Albert's, and one which recalls the almost only happy days of my sad childhood." On April 27th, 1882, the Prince—who was of an extremely amiable disposition, and promised to become the scholar of the Royal Family—was married to Princess Helene of Waldeck; but he died suddenly at Cannes, March 28th, 1884. Lastly comes Princess Beatrice, who was born April 14th, 1857, and on July 23rd, 1885, was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg. Thus out of this household the beloved father and husband, and a son, and a daughter, are already numbered among those who have gone before.

We will now give two anecdotes picturing the Queen as she was during the days of early married life. Mr. James Parton, an American writer, says it came to him "from one who witnessed the occurrence." We learn from it how kind, and yet how strict, was the home discipline of the royal household:—

“One day, when the Queen was present in her carriage at a military review, the Princess Royal, then rather a wilful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her Majesty gave several reproving looks at her, without avail. At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it,—too evidently *not* accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to return it to her fair hand ; but the awful voice of Royalty stayed them.

“‘Stop, gentlemen!’ exclaimed the Queen. ‘Leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief.’

“There was no help for it. The royal footmen let down the steps for the little royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough. But the mortifying lesson may have nipped in the bud her first impulse towards coquetry. It was hard, but it was wholesome. How many mothers would be equal to such a piece of Spartan discipline?”

The other anecdote, by Grace Greenwood, relates to an adventure which could hardly have happened in any other European Court.

“My friend, Mr. W——, is a person of very artistic tastes, a passionate picture-lover. He had seen all the great paintings in the public galleries of London, and had a strong desire to see those of Buckingham Palace, which, that not being a ‘show-house,’ was inaccessible to an ordinary connoisseur. Fortune favoured him at last. He was the brother of a London carpet-merchant, who had orders to put down carpets in the state apartments of the palace. And it so chanced that the temptation came to my friend to put on a workman’s blouse, and thus enter the royal precincts, while the flag indicating the presence of the august family floated defiantly over the roof.

“So he effected an entrance ; and when once within the royal halls, dropped his assumed character, and devoted himself to the pictures. It happened that he remained in



THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FEB. 10, 1841.

*Painted by CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A. By permission of MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & Co.*



one of the apartments after the workmen had left, and while quite alone, the Queen came tripping in, wearing a plain white morning dress, and followed by two or three of her younger children, dressed with like simplicity. She approached the supposed workman and said, 'Pray can you tell me when the new carpet will be put down in the Privy Council chamber?'

"And he, thinking that he had no right to recognize the Queen under the circumstances, replied, 'Really, Madam, I cannot tell, but I will inquire.'

"'Stay,' she said, abruptly, but not unkindly; 'who are you? I perceive that you are not one of the workmen.'

"Mr. W——, blushing and stammering somewhat, yet made a clean breast of it and told the simple truth. The Queen seemed much amused with his *ruse*, and for the sake of his love for art forgave it; then added smiling, 'I knew for all your dress that you were a gentleman, because you did not 'Your Majesty' me. Pray look at the pictures as long as you will. Good morning. Come, chicks, we must go!'"

In their home life the Queen and the Prince Consort set an example of domestic virtue to the nation which was far-reaching in its influence; and comparatively small incidents frequently showed how punctiliously great principles were respected.

Thus, on one occasion, when an English nobleman was dining with the Queen, a lady who belonged to the royal family challenged him to take wine with her. As, however, the nobleman was a total abstainer, the compliment had to be declined; but the Duchess turned to the Queen and remarked, in a good-humoured tone, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord ——, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Of course all eyes were turned in one direction to see what would be the sequel of such an indictment; but the Queen smiled graciously as she made the reply, "There is no compulsion at *my* table."

Such things as these, which reveal to us the home life of the Queen, and bring into view her social qualities, are all of true worth; for they prove that the better our Sovereign is known the higher will she rank in the estimation of her people.





BALMORAL CASTLE.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LIFE AT BALMORAL.

**B**ALMORAL CASTLE, the beautiful Highland residence of the Queen, occupies a commanding site on the river Dee. It was purchased by the Prince Consort in 1852 for £32,000. Four years previously the old house had been rented by the Prince, and when the property finally came into his hands he had the present castle erected, which is in the Scotch baronial style.

The old castle is said to have been built by a Highland chief; but in the seventeenth century it was hardly more than a hunting station in the wilds. It was there that Robert Gordon, brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, and for some years British Ambassador at Constantinople, died in 1848, the worthy baronet having hired the house from the Earl of Fife.

Soon after the death of this tenant, or on September 8th, 1848, the Royal Family visited the house; and the Queen's "First Impressions" are given in the first volume of her Journal, thus:—

"We arrived at *Balmoral* at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a

picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the *Dee*, and the hills rise all round. We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding *Loch-na-Gar*, and to the right, towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the *Dee* winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which remind us very much of *Thiiringerwald*. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils."

It was about this time that the Duke of Wellington sent a number of Highland soldiers to Mar Castle to act as a Guard of the Royal Family; but the Queen dispensed with their services, retaining only a few policemen to prevent strangers from intruding into the grounds. This confidence in the people became a better protection than armed bands. With the adjoining estates of Birkhall and Abergeldie, which have been added, there is an area of 30,000 acres; and we find that both the Queen and the Prince Consort, on coming into possession, did their utmost to improve the condition of the cottars. Schools were established; the cottages were improved, or new ones were erected; the parish school, which was inaccessible on account of distance by many families, was supplemented by others; a library for the district was provided at the Castle; and the Queen herself visited many of the people in their own homes. A great improvement in the estate, and in the condition of the people, soon became apparent. The Prince was the most liberal of landlords; he was ever more solicitous for the welfare of the tenants than for his own emolument. This trait in the character of the Prince was apparent throughout his life and in all his dealings. When the erection of the present castle commenced both wages and building materials in the Highlands were at a low figure; but they soon advanced; and the contractor would have

suffered heavily had not the Prince relieved his fears by insuring him against loss. A fire occurred while the works were in progress; the workmen's huts were burned, and the main building was in danger. It was then that the Prince was seen working like a common fireman in helping to subdue the flames. The workmen's losses were made good by the Queen.

As a lover of fine scenery the Queen has frequently been seen busy with her sketch-book in the near neighbourhood of the Castle; and, before she was as well known as at present, amusing incidents would sometimes happen. On one occasion a boy with a flock found that his sheep were timid of what looked like an amateur artist sketching by the wayside. "Get out of the road, lady, and let the sheep gang by," he shouted; but although the peremptory order was obeyed, the animals were still afraid to go forward. "I say, gang back, will you? and let the sheep pass," again called out the boy. "Do you know, boy, who you are speaking to?" asked an attendant. "I dinna know and I dinna care," replied the young shepherd with rural brusqueness. "That's the sheep's road and she has no business to stand there." "But that's the Queen," said the other. "The Queen? Is it the Queen?" cried the lad, somewhat discomfited, until he asked, "Well, but why don't she put on clothes so that folks would know her?" The boy thus excused himself, and, in a way that he was not aware of, complimented the monarch.

On September 28th, 1853, the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the great tower; the formalities partook of the character of a religious service—Mr. Anderson, the minister of Crathie at that time, having prayed—and were followed by festivities. It was a memorable day; but how many loved forms, belonging to the Royal Family, who were then present, have been removed by death!

Some particulars about the Queen's life at Balmoral have come to us from persons living on the estate.

Between the Keiloch and the Bridge of Dee there is a great stone locally known as the "Devil's puttin' stone;" and on the south side of this, which has trees hanging over it, is a wide piece of greensward on which the Queen halts for

tea when she drives through the Glen of Aberarder. During these drives various kinds of adventures are met with, some of which serve to draw out the royal sympathy. Thus, on one occasion, while it was raining hard, a man the worse for drink was found lying in a ditch; and before proceeding, the royal servants had to remove him to a place of safety.

Some four or five years ago the coach from Ballater to Braemar broke down some distance below the Bridge of Dee, when a number of the passengers were injured. The Queen, who happened to be passing, at once did what was possible to lessen the sufferings of the people. She drove to one of her own lodges and ordered the keeper to go at once to the scene of the accident with refreshments, and whatever might be necessary.

In September, 1885, a fatal accident befel James B——, a retired gamekeeper on the Balmoral estate who lived in a cottage with his two sisters. This man went one day to the Ballachbuie forest to cut some white heather, and while endeavouring to get over an unusually high wire fence he fell; but as his feet became entangled in the top wires he hung where he was for twenty hours, all through the night until 10 a.m. the next morning, when one of his sisters and a friend found him. When the news reached Balmoral a physician was sent off immediately, the Queen herself following as quickly as possible, the royal carriage being laden with a number of things which it was thought might be of service. The Queen went into the room and saw the sufferer; but the man died that same night. The cottage in which this poor family lived is of the picturesque old-fashioned Highland pattern,—square, with a chimney in the centre serving for all the rooms. Thither drove the Queen again on the day of the funeral to speak a word of comfort to the bereaved sisters.

Many years ago a mother who lived at Monaltrie, Crathie, left two children in her cottage while she went to visit some friends. One was much older than the other; and they would have fared well had they not been tempted to fish in a neighbouring burn which was much swollen by recent rains. The younger fell into the water; the elder bravely

jumped in to save his brother, and both were drowned. This distressing accident created a great sensation in the district, and awakened great sympathy at the Castle. The body of the younger boy was found where the burn enters the Dee; and when she heard of the accident the Queen sent out her own men, and all the boats that could be got, to search for the other body, while she herself drove along the side of the river watching their efforts. \* It was not until the next day that the body of the elder lad was found below Ballater. It was then that the Queen visited the family to express her sympathy, and to give them £10. At or about Michaelmas, 1886, the father of these drowned brothers died somewhat suddenly; and on hearing of this, the Queen drove to the cottage to express sympathy with the widow. On learning that the Queen was coming to see her the woman came out of her cottage towards the road; but a servant requested her to return indoors, as Her Majesty desired to have some talk with her. The widow also received a substantial gift. It was noticed on this occasion that the sovereign had on a long black cloak, which completely covered her dress, and an old-fashioned black hat.

Some time ago the Queen had a house built in Ballochbuie Forest, near the Falls of Garrawalt; and this is occupied by the forester, Mr. M——, and his family. One room in this house is the Queen's own apartment, having been specially furnished and set apart for the royal party whenever they pass by that way. The forester has a son called Victor, a daughter somewhat younger of the name of Beatrice, while a third child is Henry, after Prince Henry of Battenberg. At the christening of this latter, the Queen, Prince and Princess of Battenberg, Dr. Profit, and others were present, when the Prince gave his namesake a suitably inscribed silver jug. Victor and Beatrice were even more fortunate; for having been present at their christening, the Queen herself gave to each a silver mug as a souvenir of her royal regard.

The servants of the Castle have no cause to complain of the treatment they receive; for in life no less than in death their royal Mistress seems to be solicitous for their welfare.



Thus, in the autumn of 1886, the pantryman at Balmoral died, when his widow was brought to London free of expense, and asked whether she would prefer the funeral to take place in London or at Crathie. The interment took place in Scotland, and the widow receives a yearly allowance sufficient for her maintenance.

On her birthday, the Queen herself distributes presents to her household servants. As one by one they come forward each receives from the hands of the sovereign some pretty or useful keepsake in memory of the occasion. At Balmoral a footman and a dressing-maid are despatched with a carriage filled with presents for the cottars, each needy woman for five miles round receiving a dress, a pound of tea, and two pounds of sugar. There is also a daily distribution of food, the remainders of dishes, etc., which will not be required again by the household. Five poor persons, each carrying a pitcher and a basket, are seen walking towards the Castle every week-day morning when the Queen is in residence, to fetch away beef, bread, dripping, etc., and as each five go only once a week, the remains are thus distributed among thirty families of the district. In addition to this, all the poor people of the estate, that is to say all for miles around, are desired, in case of any sickness, to send freely to the Castle for soup, beef-tea, grapes, lemons, wine, or anything that an invalid can require. The Queen also keeps a qualified nurse at an hospital near the house, more especially for servants or tenants; but the nurse's services are by no means confined to such; she is freely sent to anyone in the neighbourhood who may need her attention.

Indeed, the Queen herself will sometimes discover some aged or ailing creature who requires some extra attention. Thus, on a certain windy day, when it was also raining hard, Her Majesty noticed, while out in her carriage, that the thatch of a certain cottage had been blown away. The horses were stopped; the Queen alighted and entered the cottage, to find a woman in bed, with sundry basins distributed over the coverlet to catch the copious drippings from the roof. A message was despatched to a certain official to have the house thatched at once, and the invalid made comfortable, a peremptory order that was very quickly obeyed.



THE QUEEN AND THE OLD WOMAN IN THE COTTAGE.—P. 64.

The Queen is devotedly fond of the grand Highland scenery around Balmoral; when the more remote districts are visited the Sovereign is often not recognised. On one occasion, when the Queen came to a very secluded spot, she left the carriage and walked on alone. Presently a number of children were seen at play; but when spoken to these ran off to tell their mother, who came out and held a conversation with the strange lady. The Queen asked the names of the children, and on hearing one of these, asked if it had not been given after a lady in the neighbourhood, which turned out to be the fact. When the visitor departed the cottager was sorely puzzled, and would have been glad to know her name.

When another year had passed the same visitor appeared again to ask kindly after the welfare of the family, and specially to inquire about the children. The lady talked about various things, not forgetting to ask if the potatoes were good, because the disease was about the country. The woman spoke without restraint, not suspecting the quality of her visitor; but in a Highland neighbourhood such a secret cannot be long kept. When the husband returned soon after, he remarked that he had seen the Queen pass in a certain direction, so that when the strange lady again appeared the Highland woman addressed her as "Your Majesty."

As regards the treatment of tenants and servants, the Queen is an exemplar which all Highland proprietors might imitate with credit to themselves and profit to their dependants. Occasionally the kindness of the Sovereign may be found reproving those who are less generous. Thus, some years ago, there lived a poor man near to Balmoral who had notice to quit his home; but being attached to the place he refused to obey until both he and his wife were forcibly turned out into the road, their furniture, meanwhile, being exposed to the rain, no shelter of any kind being available. Old Willie, as the man was called, had plenty of sympathy; for, besides being well liked by his neighbours, he was something of a "character" in a local sense. Happily for Old Willie and his afflicted spouse, however, the Queen happened to pass just at that time, when, of

course, the unusual spectacle of a man and wife with their possessions being out in the road naturally excited some curiosity. The Queen ordered inquiry to be made, and on learning the truth about the state of affairs, she immediately provided the old couple with a house on the Balmoral estate. Even much more than that was done; for the man, who had no regular work before, was installed into a permanent situation. Old Willie considers that the eviction was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to him. His enemies intended to do him an ill turn, but they did him good beyond all power of calculation. When in the grounds Prince Leopold would sometimes converse with this man whose domestic adventures had been of almost tragic interest.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice manifest a genuine royal interest in the Sunday-school at Crathie; and every Christmastide a treat is provided for the children at Balmoral. Several Christmas-trees are set up, and these are hung with a plentiful supply of such presents as the boys and girls will appreciate. As they advance in life these children are otherwise befriended; for the profits of the Queen's "Journal in the Highlands" have been devoted to the founding of several bursaries for the education of boys residing in Crathie. Three of these bursaries are for the University of Aberdeen, and each winner receives £30 a year for four years. The people regard them as a great boon.

When the Queen leaves Balmoral for England, the gardeners, ghillies, and gamekeepers stand near the door of the castle to say good-bye, while their wives and families take up a position a little farther down the road for the same purpose. It is on these occasions that the Queen takes with her for distribution among poor persons in England knitted socks, stockings, gloves, as well as petticoats and other things, which the cottars around Balmoral have been well paid for making. Many of these cottars naturally feel that their Sovereign is a personal friend. By way of showing what kind relationship exists between the castle and the cottage we may quote just one passage from the second volume of the Queen's "Journal":—



“On Sunday, August 22nd, 1869, I went to see old Mrs. Grant, whom I was grieved to see sitting in her chair supported by pillows, and her poor feet raised upon cushions, very much altered in her face, and, I fear, dying of dropsy. On August 26th I again saw her, and gave her a shawl and a pair of socks, and found the poor old soul in bed, looking very weak and very ill, but bowing her head, and thanking me in her usual way. I took her hand and held it. On the 27th she died. On the 28th I stopped at her cottage and went in with Louise and Leopold. We found all so clean and tidy, but all so silent. Mrs. Gordon, her daughter, was there, having arrived just in time to spend the last evening and night with her; and then she lifted the sheet, and there the poor old woman, whom we had known and seen from the first here, these twenty-one years, lay on a bier in her shroud, with her usual cap on, peaceful and little altered, her dark skin taking away from the usual terrible pallor of death. She had on the socks I gave her the day before yesterday. She was in her eighty-ninth year.”

We cannot refrain from quoting a passage from the diary of Dr. Norman Macleod, as given in his memoir, which gives a picture of life at Balmoral a quarter of a century ago, in the sad early days of the Queen's widowhood:—

“*May 14th.* . . . After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen's room. She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellences—his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all now on earth seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God could not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt regarding him—the love of the nation and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing



before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a Queen, the value of her life to the nation, the blessedness of prayer.

"Sunday, the whole household, Queen and Royal Family, were assembled at 10.15. A temporary pulpit was erected. I began with a short prayer, and then read Job xxiii., Psalm xlii., beginning and end of John xiv., and end of Revelation vii. After the Lord's Prayer I expounded Hebrews x. 1-12, and concluded with prayer. The whole service was less than an hour. I then at twelve preached at Crathie on 'All things are ours.' In the evening at Crathie on 'Awake, thou that sleepest.' The household attended both services.

"On Monday I had another long interview with the Queen. She was much more like her old self—cheerful, and full of talk about persons and things. She, of course, spoke of the Prince. She said that he always believed that he was to die soon, and that he often told her that he had never any fear of death."

The writer of these passages was deservedly a great favourite with the Queen, who herself says in one place, "No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod."

Such is the kind of life which the Queen has led in the past, or still lives, during her annual visits at Balmoral. It is the favourite royal dwelling-place—a "dear paradise," where memories of former happy days occur at every turn. The Prince Consort had much to do with planning the house and laying out the grounds—a fact never forgotten by her dependants, but especially kept well in remembrance by the Queen herself.

While congratulating the Queen in this Jubilee year, let us also accord her our sympathy. The Viscountess Folkestone lately said at a meeting:—"I was talking to Princess Christian not very long ago, and she said to me, 'You do not know how lonely mamma is. She feels as if all her old friends were dying off one by one. All her daughters are married and have left her except Beatrice, and she is so lonely!' One cannot be astonished at this who looks back to the time when the Prince Consort was all in all to her."



OSBORNE HOUSE.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SOME NOTABLE EVENTS.

THE half century of the Queen's reign has been beyond all comparison the most interesting period of English history; it is crowded with what might well call for more than a passing notice; but as space is necessarily limited, we shall not do more than allude to some of the principal events which have occurred during the fifty years.

First, allusions may be made to the attempts which have been made on the Queen's life. The first of these occurred on June 10th, 1840, while the Queen and Prince were driving up Constitution Hill in a low open carriage. The would-be assassin's name was Edward Oxford, a barman, and only seventeen years of age. He fired twice, happily without effect; but the Prince, who occupied a place in the carriage at the time, was extremely anxious lest the occurrence should have an injurious effect on Her Majesty's health in her condition at that time. Oxford was supposed to be insane—although there is little probability that he was so; and hence was sentenced to confinement for life. After a long confinement he was released on condition that

he went to Australia, where he may possibly be living at the present time.

The second attempt, by John Francis, took place on May 29th and 30th, 1842, under very similar circumstances. "On Sunday the 29th, as we were returning from the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, at two o'clock, as we drove along the Mall, there was as usual a crowd of spectators under the trees on our left, who bowed and cheered," wrote the Prince to his father. "When we were nearly opposite Stafford House, I saw a man step out from the crowd, and present a pistol full at me. He was some two paces from us. I heard the trigger snap, but it must have missed fire. I turned to Victoria, who was seated on my right, and asked her, 'Did you hear that?' She had been bowing to the people on the right, and had observed nothing. I said, 'I may be mistaken, but I am sure I saw some one take aim at us.'" The footmen had not noticed anything unusual; but a boy who had witnessed the whole thing, and had heard Francis exclaim, "Fool that I was not to fire!" came forward to give evidence. The Queen and the Prince felt quite assured that their adventure was only preliminary to a more determined attempt which would certainly be made; but, notwithstanding, they went out for a drive, with the confident expectation of again having to encounter the assassin. What followed was best told by the Prince himself in the letter already mentioned: "We drove out at four, gave orders to drive faster than usual, and for the two equerries, Colonel Wylde and Colonel Arbuthnot, to ride close to the carriage. You may imagine that our minds were not very easy. We looked behind every tree, and I cast my eyes round in search of the rascal's face. We, however, got safely through the Parks, and drove towards Hampstead. The weather was superb, and hosts of people were on foot. On our way home, as we were approaching the Palace, between the Green Park and the garden wall, a shot was fired at us about five paces off. It was the fellow with the same pistol—a little, swarthy, ill-looking rascal. The shot must have passed under the carriage, for he lowered his hand. We felt as if a load had been taken off our hearts, and we thanked the Almighty for having

preserved us a second time from so great a danger." A danger indeed ; for the Prince felt convinced that if the pistol had not missed fire on the day before he would have been hit in the head. It should be noted, also, that the Queen did not allow her ladies in waiting to attend her during that dangerous drive, as she said to Miss Liddell, afterwards Lady Bloomfield, "I was determined to expose no life but my own." Francis was sentenced to death ; but was afterwards reprieved and transported for life.

On June 27th, 1850, Robert Pate struck the Queen on the forehead with a cane while she was leaving Cambridge House ; and, notwithstanding the plea of insanity, was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

On the 3rd of July, in the same year, a deformed man named Bean fired at the Queen, the pistol missing fire ; and this led to some alteration in the law. Some other things of a similar character have also occurred. On February 29th, 1872, Arthur O'Connor, a youth of eighteen, presented an unloaded pistol at the Queen while she was entering Buckingham Palace, and was at once apprehended.

Then in December, 1878, Edward Byrne Madden, who was supposed to be insane, threatened to attack the Queen. Lastly, Roderick Maclean, aged twenty-seven, fired at Her Majesty at Windsor on March 10th, 1882.

The Chartist movement was among the most striking of the phenomena which characterised the first ten years of the Queen's reign. Large numbers of the industrial classes who were not enfranchised by the first Reform measure became dissatisfied ; and their dissatisfaction was heightened by the trade depression, with its consequent suffering, which followed after the death of William IV. The "People's Charter" was a programme which has long since ceased to be thought revolutionary ; and, indeed, Chartism would hardly have attained to the ephemeral importance it did, had not persons with old-time notions magnified its dangers. The promoters gained the ear of large numbers of operatives in manufacturing districts ; and *The Northern Star*, as chief organ of the movement, attained a circulation of 50,000. The state of affairs in Manchester, and other places, is alluded to in the Prince Consort's Life. "Disorderly mobs





THE CHRISTENING OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.  
*After* SIR GEORGE HAYTER, R.A. *By permission of* MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES AND CO.



traversed the country, forcing their way into mills and manufactories, destroying their machinery, and compelling, by threats and intimidation, those who were willing to work to leave working, and join in their riotous demonstrations." There were monster petitions to Parliament, but many of the signatures were forgeries; and some of the leaders showed that they were hardly reformers at heart, by opposing the Anti-Corn Law League. Chartism reached its climax in 1848,—a year of European revolution, and of trade depression—and in that year it also died of inanition. The military had to put down riots at Glasgow; and in other towns there were disturbances; but the chief alarm of all was caused by threatened monster processions in London, and the assembling of half a million persons on Kennington Common. Some 170,000 special constables were sworn,—the late Emperor of the French being one—and the Duke of Wellington had his troops in readiness; but, meanwhile, Chartism had collapsed. Only about 50,000, instead of half a million, assembled at Kennington, the procession to Westminster did not take place, and the much-talked-about monster petition was found in some degree to be an imposture. Industrial prosperity returned, and Chartism became a thing of the past.

The Queen was from the first so popular with the great body of the people, that the visits paid to distant parts of the empire were certain to arouse considerable enthusiasm. One of the most enjoyable and profitable of these tours was that taken into Scotland in 1842. The Queen and the Prince appear to have been more charmed with the North, its people and its associations, than with anything they had yet seen, the change of scene having been the more grateful on account of the anxieties which had pressed upon their minds during the previous months. "The country is full of beauty, of a severe and grand character," wrote the Prince; "perfect for sport of all kinds, and the air remarkably pure and bright in comparison with what we have here."

After the rising of Parliament in the following year, 1843, the Queen and Prince crossed the Channel in their new yacht *Victoria and Albert* for the purpose of visiting the

royal family of France. The Duke of Sussex, one of the Queen's aged uncles, had died in the spring, otherwise the year, with its brightening commercial prospects, was happier than its predecessor. King Louis Philippe had been a friend of the Duke of Kent; while the family of Orleans and that of Coburg were related by marriage. The visit lasted from August 28th to the 7th of September; and while the enthusiasm of the French people seems to have been aroused, the visit was something more than a mere State ceremonial to those more immediately concerned. The meeting gave intense pleasure to both families, our own Sovereign having been very warmly attached to both the King and Queen of France. The visit also had an excellent effect in bringing about a better understanding between the two countries. Still, there was sadness mingled with the festivities; for the young Duchess of Orleans was in widow's weeds, her accomplished husband, and heir to the French throne, having been killed in a carriage accident in July of the preceding year. Then, as regarded the King himself, who in turn became the guest of Victoria as an exile after the Revolution of 1848, he died at Claremont, apparently of a broken heart, just about seven years later—in August, 1850.

Immediately afterwards a visit was paid to the chief cities of Belgium, the King being the brother of the Duchess of Kent, the Uncle Leopold who from her earliest years had shown great solicitude for the welfare of the Princess Victoria. "It was such a joy to me," wrote the Queen, "to be once more under the roof of one who has ever been a father to me." The Prince himself added, "Never have I seen such enthusiasm as the Belgians showed us at every step. Victoria was greatly interested and impressed; and the cordiality and friendliness which met us everywhere could not fail to attract her towards the Belgian people."

In the following year, 1844, it became the turn of other crowned heads to visit the English Court. The King of Saxony came at the beginning of June, and a day or two later there came Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia, whose sudden appearance was something of a surprise. Born in

1796, he was the third son of Paul I. who was murdered by some of his own people in the first year of this century, and brother to the good Alexander I., who did so much to promote the circulation of the Scriptures in Russia. Nicholas was an eccentric man, who loved to do strange things; but Christian charity will make some allowances for the adverse circumstances of his early years. Wherever he went he carried with him a leathern case, on which he always slept; and not even the etiquette of the English Court could prompt him to alter his practice. Baron Stockmar tells us that "the first thing that his valets did, on being shown his bedroom at Windsor Castle, was to send to the stable for some trusses of clean straw, to stuff the Emperor's leathern case." Twenty-eight years previously, in the lifetime of the Princess Charlotte, Nicholas, when only Grand Duke, had visited England and the Court, where his good looks and manners had produced a favourable impression, especially among the Princess Charlotte's ladies. The object in visiting England a second time was doubtless political. The Emperor appears to have been more than pleased with much that he saw; at times he was even affected by the kindness he received, or by the domestic happiness he witnessed at our Court; and this makes it all the more to be regretted that only ten years later his country and our own should have been at war—a strife which brought nothing but disaster to all concerned.

In one of her letters to her Uncle Leopold, the Queen gives the impressions which this visitor made upon her mind: "There is much about him I cannot help liking, and I think his character is one which should be understood, and looked upon for once as it is. He is stern and severe, with strict principles of *duty* which nothing on earth can make him change. Very clever I do not think him, and his mind is not a cultivated one. His education has been neglected. Politics and military concerns are the only things he takes great interest in; the arts and all softer occupations he does not care for; but he is sincere, I am certain, sincere even in his most despotic acts, from a sense that it is the only way to govern. . . . He is, I should say, too frank, for he talks so openly before people,



THE QUEEN IN A COTTAGE HOME.

(l'age 80.



which he should not do, and with difficulty restrains himself. His anxiety to be believed is *very great*, and I must say his personal promises I *am* inclined to believe. Then his feelings are very strong. He feels kindness deeply, and his love for his wife and children, and for all children, is very great. He has a strong feeling for domestic life, saying to me, when our children were in the room, 'These are the sweet moments of our life!' One can see, by the way he takes them up and plays with them, that he is very fond of children."

Still, all could see that the Emperor was not a happy man; there was melancholy in his countenance which saddened his royal entertainers. He never drank wine. He spoke of the terrible strictness with which he had been reared, and how he had lived in continual fear of his mother. His position was not an enviable one; but on the whole he made a good impression on the English people. He also took care, as Stockmar intimates, to distribute "numberless snuff-boxes and handsome presents" among the courtiers.

On the 8th of October following there was another royal visitor at Windsor, Louis Philippe, the aged King of the French. "What numbers of emotions and thoughts must fill his heart on coming here!" wrote the Queen. "He is the first King of France who comes on a visit to the Sovereign of this country. A very eventful epoch indeed, and one which will surely bring forth good fruits." The King had in former years lived in England as an exile, and now it occasioned him rare delight to visit old scenes, especially when at every point he was cordially greeted by the people. He did not visit London, because when in France our own Queen had not gone to Paris; but the corporation of London went down to Windsor in full civic state to present the King with an address. Louis departed on the 14th; his visit, having been exceedingly well-timed, did much in the way of cementing the friendship of two nations which had previously been regarded as hereditary foes.

It was at this time that the Tractarian or Puseyite controversy broke out, while the Anti-Corn-Law agitation was reaching its height, the tax on the poor man's loaf having



been abolished in June, 1846, or nine years after the Queen's accession.

In August, 1845, the Queen and Prince paid a memorable visit to Germany, where in the course of a lengthened tour they saw the scenery of the Rhine, the chief cities of the country, and especially the home scenes of the Prince and his brother at Rosenau. In towns and villages the royal party was received with great enthusiasm; they were welcomed by maidens dressed in green and white; showers of flowers were thrown at them without mercy; numberless speeches were made by the clergy and others; and the Queen was pleased at having presented to her some associates of her husband's college days. The quiet of Rosenau was more enjoyed than all the brilliant pageantry elsewhere. After church on August 24th, it was noticed that "the peasants, in their smart dress, with its bright colours, looked remarkably well. The men, when in their best clothes, wear jackets with steel buttons, leather breeches and stockings, and a fur cap." The Queen adds: "I sketched a lovely housemaid there in her costume, and three good little peasant girls—mere children. They are quite poor children, and yet so well dressed in nice clean things (their Sunday dress); and this is because they are peasants, and do not aspire to be more. Oh, if our people would only dress like peasants, and not go about in flimsy faded silk bonnets and shawls!" In the quiet of evening the Queen also wrote: "I cannot think of going away from here. I count the hours—for I have a feeling here which I cannot describe—a feeling as if my childhood also had been spent here." The absence from England was about a month; and that autumn which followed saw the railway mania, which was worthy of being compared with the South Sea Bubble excitement of a century and a quarter before. In the succeeding spring there was a commercial panic, after which came the repeal of the corn laws.

The estate of Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, was purchased in 1845; and the present house having been erected by Mr. Cubitt, the household began to reside there in September, 1846. In one of her letters, quoted by Sir T. Martin, the Dowager Lady Lyttelton says: "Our first

night in this house is well past. Nobody smelt paint or caught cold, and the worst is over. It is a most amusing event coming here to dinner. Everything in the house is quite new, and the drawing-room looked very handsome; the windows lighted by the brilliant lamps in the room must have been seen far out at sea. I was pleased by one little thing. After dinner we were to drink the Queen and Prince's health as a *house-warming*. And after it the Prince said, very naturally and simply, but seriously: 'We have a hymn,' he called it a psalm, 'in Germany for such occasions: it begins,'—and then he repeated the lines in German, which I could not quote right, meaning a prayer to 'bless our going out and our coming in:' it was dry and quaint, being Luther's—we all perceived that he was feeling it." The poor of the locality surrounding the Queen's residence in the Isle of Wight receive much kindness from the Royal Family. Our picture, on page 77, represents Her Majesty, as she is often found, paying a visit to a cottage home.

The Irish famine of 1847 was an unparalleled national calamity; and in spite of the great efforts made to meet the emergency by the English people, the deaths in Ireland during the year amounted to nearly a quarter of a million. The scarcity was felt on all sides. The price of wheat rose to between five and six pounds a quarter; economy had to be practised even in the palaces, the Queen herself remarking: "The price of bread is of an unparalleled height; we have been obliged to reduce everyone to a pound a day, and only secondary flour is to be used in the royal kitchen." The grants made by the English Parliament amounted to ten millions sterling; and after a time of dreadful trade depression and suffering, the prospect brightened with an abundant harvest, which had the effect of reducing bread to less than half its former price.

The visit of the Queen, Prince, and elder children to Ireland in the summer of 1848 was also a time of great rejoicing; and seemed to show that at heart the Irish people are not disaffected, or that they need not have remained so if proper means had been taken in past times to ensure their loyalty. The tour is well described in the

Queen's "Journal." It was by way of compliment to the Irish that the Prince of Wales became Earl of Dublin—one of the titles of the Duke of Kent—while the Cove of Cork, where the Sovereign landed, was henceforth called Queens-town. A second visit was made to Ireland in 1853, on the occasion of the Dublin Great Exhibition.

After the return of the Royal Family to England, Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, died, December 2nd, 1849. Then in 1850 the deaths of Wordsworth the poet, aged eighty, Sir Robert Peel, aged sixty-two, and the Duke of Cambridge, occurred within a few weeks of each other. It was at this time that people first began to talk about the forthcoming first Great Exhibition—the famous World's Fair in Hyde Park, which was *the* event of 1851. This was also the time when the public excitement rose to fever heat over the papal aggression, or the parcelling out of England into dioceses by the Pope. The Great Exhibition of 1851, which the Prince worked so hard to make a success, brought an immense influx of foreigners into England; and in spite of all that has been said against it, one cannot but believe that much was done to teach mankind the grand fact, that God has made of one blood all nations of the earth. In the following year the public were affected by the death of the poet Thomas Moore, and the Duke of Wellington; and shortly after the complicated Eastern Question was in the front, the outcome having been the unnecessary and disastrous Crimean War.

The great event of the spring of 1855 was the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to Windsor; and as Louis Napoleon was then our ally in the war, every effort was made to give him and his wife a fitting reception. The party arrived on the 16th of April, having been met at Dover by Prince Albert; and three days before the widowed ex-Queen of the French, Marie Amelie, made a call at Windsor Castle. "It made us both so sad," wrote our own Queen, as quoted by Sir T. Martin, "to see her drive away in a plain coach with miserable post-horses, and to think that this was the Queen of the French, and that six years ago her husband was surrounded by the same pomp and grandeur that three days hence would surround his

successor. The contrast was painful in the extreme." It was impossible then to foresee that the man about to be welcomed was merely running through the course of an adventurer, who a few years later would also die in inglorious exile on English soil.

On their arrival in London the French visitors were well received by the people, the heartiest cheers coming from vast concourses who had turned out to see their progress. "In passing King-street," says a newspaper report, "the Emperor was observed to draw the attention of the Empress to the house which he had occupied in former days; and in him at least the sight of this house under such altered circumstances must have raised some strange emotions."

Referring to her reception of her guests at Windsor the Queen writes: "I cannot say what indescribable emotions filled me—how much all seemed like a wonderful dream. These great meetings of sovereigns, surrounded by very exciting accompaniments, are always very agitating! I advanced and embraced the Emperor, who received two salutes on either cheek from me, having first kissed my hand. I next embraced the very gentle, graceful, and evidently very nervous Empress. We presented the Princes (the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Leiningen, the Queen's brother) and our children (Vicky with very alarmed eyes making very low courtesies); the Emperor embraced Bertie; and then we went upstairs, Albert leading the Empress, who, in the most engaging manner, refused to go first, but at length with graceful reluctance did so, the Emperor leading me, expressing his great gratification at being here and seeing me, and admiring Windsor." A number of presentations took place in the throne-room, after which the royal visitors were conducted to their apartments—a suite of rooms adorned with some of the best works of Rubens, Vandyck, and other masters.

The visit lasted from the 16th to the 21st of April, and everything passed off without a hitch. State visits were paid to the City of London, to the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere; and notwithstanding the depression naturally caused by war, the public enthusiasm never flagged. When all was over the Queen wrote: "It is a dream, a brilliant,





THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851, BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.  
*From a Painting by H. C. SELOUS. By permission of MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & CO.*



successful, pleasant dream, the recollection of which is firmly fixed in my mind. . . . I am glad to have known this extraordinary man, whom it is certainly impossible not to like when you live with him, and not, even to a considerable extent, to admire." The Emperor occupied the bedroom at Windsor in which Nicholas of Russia and Louis Philippe had slept. In the month preceding this visit the Emperor of Russia had died ; just a year later peace was proclaimed.

In August, 1855, the Queen, the Prince, and some of their children visited the Emperor and Empress at Paris ; most interesting details of this visit have been given to the people by the Queen herself. They were most magnificently entertained ; and the more interest is now attached to the occasion because the splendid palaces of the Tuileries and St. Cloud are at present in ruins. Referring to the former the Queen says : " The Emperor took us into his apartments—up a short flight of steps—which consist of a suite of rooms, six in number, opening one into the other. In his bedroom are busts of his father and uncle, and an old glass case, which he had with him in England, containing relics of all sorts, that are peculiarly valuable to him." Wearing a common bonnet, and veiled, the Queen with the Prince and the Princess Royal drove through the principal parts of Paris without being recognised. Amid all the brilliance and the cheering of the people, however, the English monarch felt how uncertain everything really was, since the old dynasty had been so recently swept away. " How little security one feels for the future ! " she remarked. Then, when the tomb of Napoléon I. was visited, it was added : " There I stood, at the arm of Napoleon III., his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe ; I, the grand-daughter of that King who hated him most, and who most vigorously opposed him, and this very nephew, who bears his name, being my nearest and dearest ally."

This visit thus went off well in all respects, and undoubtedly had much to do in drawing the two countries into closer alliance. The regard of the Queen for the Emperor was increased. " I felt—I do not know how to express it—safe with him," remarks the Sovereign. " His society is

particularly agreeable and pleasant; there is something fascinating, melancholy, and engaging, which draws you to him, in spite of any prejudice you may have against him, and certainly without the assistance of any outward advantages of appearance, though I like his face."

In the autumn of 1856 England was again at war with both China and Persia; and then, in the following year, the Mutiny in India horrified the entire civilised world. Meetings for relief of sufferers were held, and upwards of a quarter of a million sterling was collected. One good result came out of this rising—the East India Company, which had ruled for its own emolument rather than the welfare of the country, came to an end. This was also the year of the Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition, about a week before the opening of which the old Duchess of Gloucester—the last of the children of George III.—died at the age of eighty-one.

The great event of the opening of 1858 was the marriage of the Princess Royal. Speaking of the actual ceremony the Queen wrote in her Diary:—"It was beautiful to see her kneeling with Fritz, their hands joined, and the train borne by the eight young ladies, who looked like a cloud of maidens hovering round her, as they knelt near her. Dearest Albert took her by the hand to give her away—*my* beloved Albert (who, I saw, felt so strongly)—which reminded me vividly of having in the same way, proudly, tenderly, confidently, most lovingly knelt by him, on this very same spot, and having our hands joined there. . . . The music was very fine, the Archbishop very nervous; Fritz spoke very plainly, Vicky too. The Archbishop omitted some of the passages."

In the following August the Queen and Prince went to Cherbourg, a more private visit having been paid in the summer of 1857. This was more of a state occasion, when the royal party were received by the Emperor and the Empress themselves. As it was also in some measure a public occasion speeches had to be made both by the Emperor and the Prince; and, from a curious passage in the Queen's "Journal," we are enabled vividly to realise the sufferings of persons of high rank who have to speak when

the eyes of the world are upon them, *e.g.* :—"The Emperor unbent, and talked in his usual frank way to me during dinner. But he was not in good spirits, and seemed sensitive about all that has been said of him in England and elsewhere. At length, dinner over, came the terrible moment of the speeches. The Emperor made an admirable one, in a powerful voice, proposing my health and those of Albert and the Royal Family. Then, after the band had played, came the dreadful moment for my dear husband, which was terrible to me, and which I should never wish to go through again. He did it very well, though he hesitated once. I sat shaking, with my eyes riveted to the table. However, the speech did very well. This over, we got up, and the Emperor in the cabin shook Albert by the hand, and we all talked of the terrible 'emotion' we had undergone, the Emperor himself having 'changed colour,' and the Empress having also been very nervous. I shook so I could not drink my cup of coffee."

The tour was extended to Berlin, where the Queen visited her eldest daughter. The effect on the royal visitors of the immense naval and military resources of Cherbourg was not altogether pleasing, especially as a change in the manners of Louis Napoleon himself was observed. At all events, the authorities began to realise, as had not been done before, that our own country was in a comparatively unprotected condition; and not very long after, the income-tax was increased in order to provide for its better defence, while the volunteer forces were organised.

Thus far the life-course of the Queen had been one of great domestic happiness, overshadowed, it is true, by occasional clouds of trial incident to human life, notwithstanding rank and influence; but in 1861 death began to claim his own among the members of the royal household. In March, 1861, the Duchess of Kent died at the age of seventy-five. The Queen could hardly realise that the friend of her childhood and youth had really gone. "My childhood—everything seemed to crowd upon me at once," she remarked. "I seemed to have lived through a life, and to have become old." In the Duchess's sitting-room all was "unchanged,—chairs, cushions, everything, all on

the tables, her very work-basket with her work, the little canary bird, which she was so fond of, singing!" Thus death visits palace and cottage alike with terrible impartiality.

This great trial was followed by a greater, when a few months later the good Prince Consort himself passed away, at the early age of forty-two. During the year his labours had greatly increased. Though unable to devote so much attention to the work of organising the Great Exhibition, which was to be held in 1862, he still aided the promoters with advice; and while he still did all that was possible to save the Queen, the burden of work became much heavier through his having been appointed sole executor by the Duchess of Kent. What he had to do was evidently too much for his strength; but this was not realised as it should have been until the Prince broke down beneath the strain. The circumstances attending the Prince's illness in December, 1861, will be too familiar with the reader to need recapitulation; but we quote what Sir T. Martin says about his last hour on earth, on Saturday evening, December 14th, 1861:—

"In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely hallowed any death-bed. A great light, which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped might long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master, endeared by every quality by which man in such relations can win the love of fellow-men, was passing unto the silent land, and his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm manly thought should be known among them no more. The Castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form; the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn; and that great soul had fled, to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where the spirits of the just are made perfect."

The accounts, as given by the Queen herself in her Diary, of the Prince's last hours make up one of the most affecting

passages to be found in English history ; but by such an irreparable loss alone could the monarch of this great empire learn the intensity of the public sympathy.

The chief events of the following year were the marriage of the Princess Alice to the Prince Louis of Hesse ; the opening of the second Great Exhibition, the offer of the crown of Greece to Prince Alfred ; and the distress in the cotton districts.

The great pageant of 1863 was the entry of Princess Alexandra into London on the 7th of March, as bride-elect of the Prince of Wales, when the decorations of the streets equalled, if they did not surpass, anything of a similar kind that had ever been attempted before. The crowds were very enthusiastic in their greetings, and the illuminations on the 10th, the day of the marriage, were exceedingly magnificent, the only damper having been that several persons lost their lives owing to the density of the crowds.

In 1866 the Atlantic telegraph was successfully completed between Great Britain and America. Though not seen in public so often as of old, the Queen still favoured her people by occasionally appearing among them. In the year just named she opened the new waterworks at Aberdeen ; in February, 1867, she opened Parliament in person ; and having gone through the ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of the additional buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital in May, 1868, in November of the following year the Sovereign opened the new Blackfriars Bridge and the Holborn Viaduct. In March, 1871, the Queen also opened the Royal Albert Hall, the building having cost £200,000.

The illness of the Prince of Wales, which occurred at the end of the year, just after the return of the Queen from Balmoral, greatly distressed the nation. It seemed to be singularly providential that the Princess Alice was in England, for having ten years before nursed her father in his last illness, the Princess now again acted as a ministering angel in the sick room of her brother. With true motherly solicitude the Queen hastened to the afflicted household, but again returned to Windsor when all seemed to be progressing favourably. When, however, a relapse occurred on December 8th, Her Majesty again went down





PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE STATUE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

*Inscription :*

"HE POINTS TO HEAVEN AND LEADS THE WAY."

to Sandringham. For a time many were hourly expecting to hear of the Prince's death; but on the 14th of December, the tenth anniversary of his father's departure, he began to amend. The scene presented in London on Thanksgiving-Day, the 27th of February, 1872, was in a way unparalleled. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Beatrice attended service in St. Paul's Cathedral,



THANKSGIVING DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

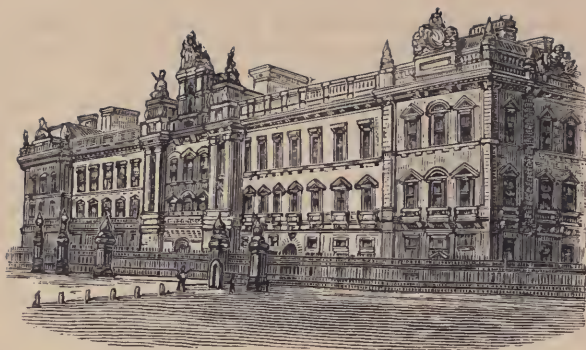
where 13,000 people were congregated, the sermon being preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury from Romans xii. 5. London was illuminated, and the Queen addressed a letter to her people, in which she showed how greatly she appreciated their sympathy.

Just seven years after the recovery of the Prince of Wales, or on the seventeenth anniversary of her father's

death, the good and amiable Princess Alice also passed away. As her letters prove, this Princess was an earnest Christian philanthropist, and one who worked for the good of the poor both in England and Germany. In the early spring of 1884, her brother Leopold also died suddenly at Cannes, so that the circle of the Royal Family now shows three vacant places—the father, a son, and a daughter—all of whom were really royal exemplars for more humble people.

The Duke of Albany's brief lifework is commemorated by the church of St. George at Cannes, opened on February 12th, 1887, by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in presence of the Prince of Wales and other distinguished personages. A newspaper report tells us that the preacher of the day founded his discourse on Gen. xxxv. 14, 15. Referring to Prince Leopold, the Bishop drew attention to the fact that the edifice was erected close to the spot where the youngest son of the Queen died suddenly three years ago in the very flower and promise of a bright and useful life. It had been hoped, from the proof of a thoughtful intelligence given by the Prince in his public utterances, that he would one day fill a conspicuous place in the intellectual life of the nation. God willed otherwise; just as life, with all its golden opportunities, opened before him he was taken away, to the inconsolable sorrow of his youthful consort and of our beloved Queen. The Bishop detailed the growth of the Memorial from its inception to its dedication that day to the service of God, adding that the church was also a token of Christian faith and a national acknowledgment erected on a foreign shore. The service closed with a hymn and the benediction.

Thus, through the eventful decades we have come to the time of jubilee—one of the most memorable years in the history of England, and one that will see many new landmarks set up in different parts of the country.



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## CHAPTER VIII

### THE ERA OF PROGRESS.

**I**N a sense that is not true of any other modern period, the fifty years of the Queen's reign have been an era of progress. In 1837 the country was in a transition state, and even shrewd and far-seeing people did not altogether understand the outlook. At the death of George IV. the order of things which had obtained in the older world of our fathers passed away, the Reform Bill era, inaugurated by exciting controversy, riots, and iconoclasm, having commenced. On all sides there was talk of new inventions and enterprises, which were destined to have their share in working a social revolution. Some hundreds of miles of railway were already laid down; but the great main lines had yet to be constructed. Other things, which had attracted only little notice during the long period of exhaustive wars which had characterised the end of the old, and the beginning of the new century, were courting some attention. It was beginning to be understood that epidemics of disease were not mere freaks of nature, but were preventable calamities. The development of sanitary science, and the extension of philanthropic enterprise, were



destined to confer untold blessings on the people, especially on the poor. In a word, by following the arts of peace, instead of pursuing the false glories of war, the country was gradually but surely going forward towards something better than had yet been known. It is true that there were darkening clouds on the horizon of both the industrial and political world; but these, as a result of past folly and misgovernment, would in time pass away. To those who were sufficiently far-seeing, the outlook was one of hope and promise. The stagnation of trade, the lack of employment and consequent suffering, became, however, for the time a chief means of keeping alive the Chartist agitation of the succeeding eleven years.

In briefly referring to the general progress made in half a century, we will look first at the wonderful expansion of the British Empire itself. Our Home Islands embrace an area of 121,000 square miles, but this territory, when supplemented by the other sixty-five countries and islands over which our Queen sways her sceptre, represents a fifth part of the whole world. One of our smallest possessions is Gibraltar, which is under two square miles; the largest is Canada, which extends over the ample area of 3,500,000 square miles; the next largest possession being Australasia, which measures 3,173,000 square miles.

In 1837 the total number of persons in the United Kingdom was 25,648,008, which in 1885 had increased to 36,331,300. Fifty years ago the population of the whole Dominion of Canada, including Newfoundland, was under a million and a half; it is now not far short of four millions and three quarters. Quite as notable has been the growth of the Australasian Colonies, which half a century ago amounted to 134,059, but is now 3,278,934. These are the principal figures; we need not enter into minor details.

The raising of coal alone represents one of our greatest industries, the number of persons employed being now between five and six hundred thousand. Before the Acts were passed, prohibiting women and children from working in mines and collieries, a system prevailed which allowed wrongs to be practised which were a disgrace to our common civilisation: girls and children, who in many instances



were little more than infants, worked like beasts of burden in the pits; and the alteration of the law represents one of the most beneficent reforms of the Queen's reign.\* The increase in the amount of coal raised since the pits have been properly regulated has been enormous. In 1837 the total brought to the surface was about 20,000,000 tons; but at present more than that amount is required for export alone, the entire output of 1886 having been about 160,000,000 tons. There has been a fall in price since 1881; but with the revival of trade the markets are sure to rise.

Closely allied with this is the iron trade, for only by the consumption of vast quantities of fuel can iron be produced. In the old days of the early Georges wood was used for smelting in the South of England; but a few thousand tons sufficed for the national demand. In 1840 the total was under fourteen hundred thousand tons, and in 1882 this had increased to between eight and nine million tons. There has been a time of depression; but during this jubilee year this great industry also begins to present a more hopeful outlook.

The figures relating to the extension of trade and commerce are too great for their full significance to be grasped by one effort of the mind. In 1837 our total imports amounted in round numbers to £66,000,000, of which a little less than a quarter would be re-exported; but at present our total annual imports are in value £374,000,000, of which the value of £58,000,000 is re-exported. In other words, the imports for home consumption have increased from fifty millions to three hundred and sixteen millions a year. In 1837 our total annual exports amounted in value to £58,000,000; but they are now £271,000,000.†

If we ask whence comes this wonderful growth, we shall find that it has arisen from many causes. The legislation which has removed the artificial barriers that obstructed the progress of trade is thought by many to have been one

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\* For further information on this subject see the Author's "Shaftesbury: His Life and Work." (S. W. Partridge & Co.)

† For many of our facts and figures in this chapter, we are indebted to the National Federation League, which has issued carefully compiled statistics.

cause ; the development of steam-power on sea and land, providing a cheap and more rapid transit of goods, has been another cause, while the large yield of gold in the Australasian mines has also exercised some influence.

Having interests so vast and so widely scattered, any social economists would tell us that the army and navy needed to be much more efficient than was the case in 1837. In that year the annual charge for our army and navy, exclusive of India, was something over £8,000,000 ; but now it exceeds £31,000,000 ; and there are more than a quarter of a million of volunteers. While maintaining the vast naval and military forces which are now at our command, we are becoming growingly reluctant to engage in wanton wars after the manner of our forefathers.

Then in regard to one of our greatest institutions—the Post Office—the Queen's reign has been a period of reform and of rapid expansion. It was in 1837, or the very year of her Majesty's accession, that the late Rowland Hill first suggested the reforms which were afterwards adopted ; and these changes directly and indirectly stimulated trade and commerce. In 1839 the gross annual revenue of the Post Office was a little over two and a half millions sterling, but it is now not far short of eight millions. The yearly number of letters and packets sent through the post has also increased during the reign from under 83 millions to over 2,000 millions. To accommodate this increased business, a new General Post Office on a grand scale is about to be erected in Aldersgate-street.

The growth of religious denominations is also a sign of our times ; never before was there such an era of church and chapel building, of extension of mission work abroad, and of philanthropic enterprise at home. Fifty years ago, little was attempted in the way of raising the degraded ; but now every town seems to have its own special mission to the poor, the suffering, and the ignorant. The vast increase in the incomes of the principal missionary societies is also the best indication of extension of enterprise abroad.

Next look at the progress we have made in education. Prior to the Victorian era charity and other schools were thinly scattered over the face of the country, but there was

no system of national education. Queen Anne had been a warm-hearted friend of the poor in the matter of charity schools; and after her death the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge became instrumental in founding a large number of primary schools in England and Ireland. Still, when in 1780 Raikes commenced his celebrated crusade, the Sunday-school presented the only opportunity of an education which many children enjoyed. Then, a few years later, the Quaker, Joseph Lancaster, began the system which bears his name; and this was followed in 1811 by the National School Society of the Established Church. Annual grants by the Government were commenced in 1834, and the work was continued by the Committee of the Privy Council on Education. We might go on and show how, step by step, progress was made until the national system of education was accomplished by the Act of 1870, and those which succeeded it.

In 1837 Scotland showed an attendance of 200,000 scholars out of a population of 2,500,000; England was in a similar plight; while out of the 8,000,000 who then crowded Ireland, only about 400,000 attended school. The character of the contrast between the old times and the new will be seen in the different amounts voted on account of education. In 1851, the year of the first great Exhibition, it was £150,000; in 1884-5 the amount expended by the London School Board in the maintenance of elementary schools alone exceeded a million sterling. In this matter of education the Colonies are following in the wake of the mother country; and not until one or two generations have passed through the schools will the full results of the system be fully seen.

Such has been the general progress made; and now, in this Jubilee year, we are cheered by a general decrease of crime; and our prison population is decreasing. While, then, we rejoice, let us thank God for His goodness to us as a nation, and from our hearts congratulate the Sovereign on her happy reign.

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